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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1836 and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting, readable, editorial, state, local and general news, well selected, impartial and valuable for the people of the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

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SOCIETIES OCCUPYING MERCURY HALL.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 235, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Macabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WAGON, No. 874, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Musson, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterfield, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OLYMPIAN LODGE, No. 13, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbridge, Master Workman; Robert S. Franklin, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 13, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin. Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Sir Knight, J. Horton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

GLAN MCLEOD, No. 13—Robert B. Munroe, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Assault Charge Brought.

William T. Dennis Pleads not Guilty, and is Released on Bail—Mrs. Dennis Slightly Improved.

Mr. William T. Dennis was on Friday arraigned before Clerk Kelley of the District Court on a charge of assault after having spent the night at the police station. He pleaded not guilty and was released on \$2000 bail furnished by Mr. Edwin S. Burdick.

There is a sad tale behind the item on the police records. Last Saturday there were peculiar features noticed about the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Dennis on upper Thames street. Mr. James P. Taylor, who is a distant relative, was requested to investigate. Securing an entrance to the house he found Mr. Dennis walking about the house in an unusual condition, and further investigation disclosed his wife in the kitchen, badly bruised and covered with blood. Mrs. Dennis was removed to the Newport Hospital where she was found to be in a very serious condition. On Thursday she was very low and was unconscious. It was feared that she could not live through the night and in view of her condition it was thought best to take her husband into custody. He was taken to the Police Station and remained in a cell over night.

Friday morning Mrs. Dennis was reported in a much brighter condition. She was conscious at times and expressed a belief that she would recover, a circumstance that prevented the taking of an ante-mortem statement. On account of her apparent improvement it was decided to lay a charge of assault only against Mr. Dennis and it was on that charge that he was arraigned. He emphatically denied that he had committed an assault upon his wife and was much affected by the circumstances.

Mr. Dennis is eighty-one years of age and his wife is nearly as old. He was a member of the company that went to California on the ship Audley Clarke in '49 and after his return to Newport he ran a market for a number of years, which was called the "Yuba Dam Market." His wife is a daughter of the late Gilbert Chase and a sister of the late Mrs. William E. Dennis. William T. Dennis is a nephew of William E. Dennis, although both are of about the same age.

Newporters in Washington.

Quite a delegation from William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, are in Washington in attendance upon the Congress of the Daughters, which is in session there. They have had an opportunity to see and take part in some of the most stirring incidents of a very stormy session, and in fact the Rhode Island delegation has been the center of a large part of the interest in the session. It is a peculiar thing that there were some members of the local chapter who did not care to go to Washington this year because they thought that there would be no excitement at the Congress, but as it has turned out it has been one of the liveliest on record.

Local Daughters are much interested in the election of Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt as State Regent, succeeding Miss Elizabeth Swinburne of this city. Mrs. Lippitt is also a summer resident here and has always taken much interest in the affairs of William Ellery Chapter. There was some talk in Washington of nominating Mrs. Lippitt for President General against Mrs. McLean, as it was felt that she would be the strongest candidate in opposition. Her election as State Regent came as a surprise to her as another member had been nominated for that office before the delegates left for Washington, but it had been freely stated that there were surprises in store when the delegates from this State should meet to confirm the nomination. The surprise seems to have been forthcoming in the ignoring of the regular nominee and the election of Mrs. Lippitt.

Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt served for several terms as State Regent, preceding Miss Elizabeth Swinburne. She was one of the most active and ablest officers that the State has had. During her incumbency she made regular visits to Washington to attend meetings of boards of which she was a member and she brought the organization in this State to an important position in the Congress. She filled the position excellently and her election again gives much pleasure to the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution in this State.

After the election of State Regent by the Rhode Island delegates in Washington, the retiring State Regent, Miss Elizabeth Swinburne, was presented with a handsome silver loving cup, the presentation speech being made by Mrs. David T. Pinniger, Regent of William Ellery Chapter.

After the delegates return from Washington the Regent will make a report to the Chapter of the proceedings of the Congress and it is expected that this year the report will be of more than the customary amount of interest.

The lower floor of the A. C. Titus Company's store has been entirely transformed this spring and now presents a remarkably attractive appearance. A long balcony has been built which gives an opportunity to display different kinds of room furnishings to the best effect. The view of the store from the balcony is very pleasing. The Titus Company has a large stock of well selected goods and they are now so well arranged that the purchaser has a chance to judge how they will look in his own home.

Rev. E. T. Barrow was formally installed as pastor of the Union Congregational Church in this city on Tuesday evening, there being a very large attendance at the installation service. Rev. James Austin Richards preached the sermon and a number of Congregational clergymen from out of the city were present to take part in the ceremony. In the afternoon there was a meeting of the council of Congregational Churches of the State to pass upon the fitness of Mr. Barrow for the pastorate.

Van Rensselaer Grand Lodge of Perfection, which had not been active for some years, was revived on Tuesday evening and a number of new members were given the degrees. Several officers came down from Providence to work the degrees, fourteen candidates being instructed in the mysteries of the order. A supper was served in the early evening and the degrees were worked later. It is expected that Newport will soon have a strong lodge of Scottish Rite Masonry.

All street railway tracks across Thames street will soon be removed. There is now no necessity for them as neither line runs its cars across the street, but the rails have hitherto been allowed to remain in position. The rails of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company at Franklin street have been removed this week and the rails of the Newport & Providence Railway at Long wharf will be taken up at once.

The annual gymnasium exhibition by the classes of the Young Men's Christian Association was held at the gymnasium on Tuesday evening with a large attendance. The work done was up to the usual high standard.

A Long Wharf Fire.

The sounding of Box 15 Sunday evening called the usual crowd to Long Wharf in the expectation of seeing a large fire as flames in that vicinity could be very plainly seen from various parts of the city. As this is the private box of the Fall River line it always is regarded as a danger point on account of the number of valuable passenger steamers that lie at the wharf. Aside from this however the box covers a very dangerous section of wooden buildings and there is always the possibility that Long wharf may be cleared of some of its eye-sores by fire.

Sunday night's fire was not so serious, however. The blaze was in a barn belonging to George Brown and adjoining his other property. When the fire was first discovered it was burning briskly and the flames shot well into the air, lighting up the whole wharf. The neighboring buildings were threatened and as there was a great deal of inflammable material near it was at first thought that the fire would be a bad one. Fortunately the building was so small that it was easily reached and as soon as a hydrant stream was turned on the fire was under control, and after a few minutes was completely extinguished.

There were three horses stabled in the place and the early arrivals on the scene made an attempt to get them out. Two of them, both belonging to T. Smiway, were rescued, but the third, the property of Mr. Brown, could not be reached and was lost. The barn was practically a complete loss.

Owing to the crowd that gathered almost instantly the apparatus had some thrilling experiences on the way to the fire. The corner of Long wharf and Thames street is always a bad place to turn and the number of people gathered there made it worse than usual. Fortunately there was no accident, but this was due entirely to the nerve and coolness of the drivers and not to the efforts of the people to get out of the way.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Samuel J. Carr.

Mrs. Mary A. Carr died at the residence of her son, Mr. Leander K. Carr, on Tuesday afternoon after a brief illness. She was eighty-two years of age and death was due to causes incident to old age. Mrs. Carr was the widow of the late Samuel J. Carr and daughter of the late Josiah Tew. She came of an old Newport family and was well known among the older Newporters. She had been for a number of years a member of the Channing Memorial Church. She is survived by a son, Mr. L. K. Carr, and a daughter, Mrs. George H. Sharpe.

The lobster season has opened but as yet there has been little done as during the early part of the week the weather was not suitable for plying lobster pots. On Thursday a number of boats went out and many traps were set. The law permitted the setting of traps and taking lobsters on Monday, the 15th, and if the weather had been right there would have been many traps set that day as the Greeks are always prompt to get to work as soon as the law permits. The fishermen now appreciate the benefit that the law is to them and there are few evasions. The people of Newport will be very glad to get native lobsters again as the Nova Scotia product is not equal to our own.

The suit brought by Daniel D. Sullivan of this city against the Old Colony Street Railway Company has been tried in the Superior Court at Fall River and the jury returned a verdict for the defendant. Mr. Sullivan was a passenger on a car that was derailed and he claimed to have suffered damage to his health as a result of the exposure to which he was subjected by reason of the car not making the trip to Newport.

There was an auction sale of bank stock on Monday. Angus McLeod bought 70 shares of the Aquidneck National Bank at \$60.50, Robert Hunkle bought 10 shares at the same figure, and Simon Hart bought 5 shares at \$66.87. John C. Seabury bought 5 shares of the Union National Bank at \$98. A. O. D. Taylor at the same time purchased 5 shares of the Gibbs Land Company at \$4.50.

The Aquidneck Minstrels will give another performance at the Opera House on May 6 and 7 for the purpose of raising money to pay the Carnival deficit. The first performances were so successful that it was deemed advisable to try again, many new features being introduced for this second appearance.

Work on the addition to the Postoffice is progressing as rapidly as could be expected. The masons have begun on the foundations after much time has been consumed in excavating. The south side of Franklin street is pretty well blocked up while the building operations are going on.

Wedding Bells.

Oelrichs-Turnbull.

Miss Marjory R. Turnbull, daughter of the late Lieutenant Frank Turnbull, U. S. N., was married to Mr. Charles de Looney Oelrichs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles May Oelrichs, at the parish house of St. Patrick's Cathedral New York, on Tuesday. The wedding was witnessed by relatives and was a quiet affair. Monsignor Lavelle, proctor of the Cathedral, performed the ceremony, which took place in the drawing room. The floral decorations were very pretty.

The bride wore a handsome dress of white chiffon cloth with trimmings of point lace, and a long tulle veil, caught up with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and was of shower effect.

Mrs. Grace Chapin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Chapin, was the maid of honor. She wore a pink chiffon cloth dress, with a Leghorn picture hat to match. She carried pink roses. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Albert Zabriske Gray.

A reception followed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins, 61 West Eleventh street, which was largely attended. The wedding gifts which came from all parts of the country were numerous, beautiful and costly.

Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs left on a wedding trip. They will spend their summer in Newport.

Burden-Rives.

Miss Natica Rives, daughter of Mrs. George Lockhart Rives, and Mr. William Proudell Burden, son of the late James A. Burden, of New York, were married at the chantry of Grace Church in New York on Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. William Reed Huntington, rector of the church. The benediction was pronounced by Bishop Potter.

The wedding was a quiet affair, owing to the recent death of the groom's father. The bride was attended by Miss Evelyn Parsons and the ushers were Messrs. Russell Perkins, R. L. Gerry, William Woodward and Ernest Iselin. Mr. Arthur Scott Burden, brother of the groom, was the best man.

Following the wedding there was a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rives, 14 West Thirty-eighth street. The house was decorated with smilax, holly and roses. The wedding gifts were costly and beautiful. After the breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Burden left for an extended tour.

Depot Scheme Fails.

The proposition made by the representative council to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company for complete remodeling of Long wharf, provided that the railroad would purchase certain land, has been declined by the company. President Mellen has sent a letter to the special committee of the council stating that while the company has not been unwilling to build a new station here they have not contemplated any such extensive purchase of land as is proposed by the city, and if they did they would prefer to buy and own it outright rather than give it back to the city for highway purposes.

It seems likely that no further action looking to the improvement of Long wharf will be taken for the present as it is not probable that the city will care to go to the expense of such elaborate improvements on its own initiative.

Malbone Lodge.

The regular meeting of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P., was held in the Mercury Hall Thursday evening with a good attendance. Considerable business was brought before the meeting and the several reports read. A number of applications for membership were presented at the meeting.

A whilst for the members and their friends followed and there was a large attendance. The first prizes were won by Mrs. J. E. Anthony and Mr. W. F. Watson; second prizes, Miss E. Peckham and Mr. William H. King; third prizes Mrs. Arthur Griffin and Mr. William H. Sisson.

A light collation was served. Mr. Lewis L. Simmons quietly observed the seventy-eighth anniversary of his birth on Monday. In spite of his advancing years, Mr. Simmons still devotes a large portion of his time to the many financial interests entrusted to his care.

Mrs. Charles M. Cottrell, who has been abroad for a long time, is expected home shortly.

Mrs. Susie H. Brooks, of the MERCURY, is enjoying her annual vacation. Mr. Benjamin Bliss is spending his vacation in New York.

Mrs. William S. Lawton is visiting in Providence.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE. At the Court of Probate held on Monday the following matters were acted upon:

The petition of Lydia M. Ward, Guardian of her minor daughters, Hazel Drexton Ward and Rowena Fowler Ward, for leave to sell in private sale their undivided interest in real estate on Prospect and Paradise avenues, was granted. Guardian was required to give bond in the sum of \$500.00 on each estate, to secure due investment of proceeds of sale, with Howard R. Peckham and John B. Ward as sureties.

The first and final account of Albert A. Anthony, administrator on the estate of William H. Anthony was referred to the third Monday of May with an order of notice.

The petition of Anne Rebecca Irish to prove the will of William J. Irish and for letters testamentary on his estate and the petition of Margaret R. Simmons and Henry G. Simmons to appoint Rebecca R. Simmons administratrix on the estate of William G. Simmons were both continued to the third Monday of May and notice of their pendency directed to be given.

In Town Council the following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: For highway work, Elmer B. Sisson, \$12.00; William S. Caswell, \$60.00; William G. Brown, \$32.00; for repairs on road scraper, James A. Taber, \$29.00; for advertising, J. T. Pittman, \$12.75; for printing, William O. Milne, \$1.75; for services as town sergeant, John D. Blair, \$9.25; for services as assessors of taxes, L. Lincoln Sherman; Benjamin W. H. Peckham, Alden P. Barker, William S. Coggeshall and John H. Peckham \$20 each; for wood, Plimley & Manchester, \$1.05; for bounty on skunks and dogs, John D. Blair, \$5.00; accounts for relief of the poor, \$40.00.

The following additional town officers were appointed to make up the complement for the new municipal year: Auctioneers—William V. Hart, Elmer A. Peckham, Richard H. Wheeler, Jr., and James A. Taber. Surveyors of Highways—District No. 1, Elmer B. Sisson; No. 2, William S. Caswell; No. 3, Nathan B. Brown; No. 4, William G. Brown.

Town Seal—John D. Blair. Pound Keeper—Benjamin Caswell. Weighers of New Cattle—George R. Chase and Benjamin Caswell.

Public Weighers—Alton F. Coggeshall, Dennis J. Murphy and Edward J. Peckham.

Appraisers of Damages done by dogs—Alton F. Barker, William Thurston and Edward E. Peckham.

Inspector of Petroleum—Charles H. Carr.

Commissioner of Wrecks—George Calvert.

Police Constables—Elmer A. Peckham, George Nathan Smith, James Bloodfield and Benjamin Caswell.

Bird Constables—Charles H. Sisson, John E. Wheeler and Robert W. Smith.

Tramp Constable—Thomas G. Ward, Elmer A. Peckham, Cornelius Sullivan and Benjamin Caswell.

Liquor Constable—Robert W. Smith. Health Officer—Alton F. Brown.

Officer to Take Charge of Burial of Indigent, but Honorably Discharged Soldiers and Sailors—Charles Peckham.

The limits and divisions of the four-highway districts were determined and warrants directed to issue to the Surveyors. \$250.00 was apportioned to each for ordinary repairs. It was voted to invite proposals for furnishing crushed stone in such quantities as may be required, for repairing and constructing stone roads. Bidders have until noon of next Wednesday to deposit their bids with the President of the Town Council, and bids will be opened at the Council meeting to be held on that day at two p. m.

The June meeting will occur on the 18th when the lecturer will arrange for a patriotic observance of June 17 which is known as "Bunker Hill Day."

The spring term at St. George's School began on Tuesday, the boys having returned from their Easter vacation of two weeks.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Meeting was held on Thursday afternoon at the M. E. Parsonage. The subject taken up was West Africa.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church held their last supper and social of the season at the vestry on Wednesday evening with a large attendance.

The Epworth League will hold its annual "Egg Supper" and social at the M. E. vestry on Wednesday of next week.

The five schools of the town closed on Friday, the 13th, for their spring vacation of two weeks. They will reopen on May 6. There is a possibility of several changes being made under the new school committee.

Mr. Charles A. Peckham, who was carried to the Newport Hospital last week, for the X ray treatment on his injured knee, returned home Tuesday. The surgeons were unable to get any clear pictures of the knee owing to the severe swelling, although several photographs were taken. It is thought that nothing can be done with the knee and that time alone will restore its strength. A small portion of the knee bone was broken off at the time the horse stepped on Mr. Peckham, it is thought. He is able to get about a little by the aid of crutches but cannot bear any weight on the injured leg. The break in the lower humerus is healing nicely.

The Newport Casino will open on May 1st.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for Miss Lillian Boyle, of Providence, R. I., the lower half of her double house, No. 39 Levin street, to Thomas F. Gough.

Wm. E. Brightman has also rented the store, No. 110 Thames street, to G. Ziferato, for the owner, Miss Mary Leidy.

Local Matters.

New Post Cards.

The first instalment of imported German post cards has been received by the Mercury Publishing Company. This first lot includes cards of two processes, blue doubletons and green photographs, and each is the very finest of its class. Within a short time the rest of the importation, which includes the eight-colored cards, will arrive.

The first lot of cards contains a number of views that have never before been placed on a postal. There are five views in the blue process—"Newport Fishermen," "Wild Acre" Ocean avenue. Yacht Race for the Goetel Cup, U. S. Training Ship Monongahela, and Old Fort Dumpling. In the green photographs there are eleven cards—Rimmanuel Church, Cloyne School, Old Windmill, Morton Park, Old State House, "Beach Mound" Benjamin Thaw, St. John's Church, State Armory, "Gray Craig," Hazard Memorial School, "Ocean Lawn" William Gimweli.

These cards are for sale by all dealers, or may be obtained of the publishers.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening with all the members present. The payrolls of the various departments were approved, and James F. Reynolds was awarded the contract to care for the Touro Jewish cemetery. The Providence Telephone Company was authorized to locate four new poles on Sheffield avenue.

There was a long discussion in regard to the collection of the city garbage. Alderman Kane told of a number of abuses that he had seen and said that the conditions in the neighborhood of the Marchant street dump were very bad. A special committee consisting of Aldermen Kane, Cottrell and Shepley was appointed to look into the matter.

After a report from Alderman Cottrell as to the condition of the Ann street pier the street commissioner was directed to secure estimates of the cost of repairs to both the Ann street and Elm street piers. The street commissioner was also authorized to have all awnings over sidewalks raised to proper height of seven feet. Mayor Clarke read a letter from the State Board of Health claiming tuberculosis as a contagious, infectious and transmissible disease. This will relieve the Newport Hospital from the care of such diseases under its contract with the city.

Company F Association.

The forty-ninth anniversary of the departure for the front of Company F, First Rhode Island Volunteers, was observed by the members of Company F Veteran Association at the Armory of the Newport Artillery Company on Wednesday evening. Of the original 11 members only 45 are known to be living and eleven answered the roll call at the meeting. The following officers of the association were elected:

President—William H. Durfee. Vice President—Gervon G. Langley. Secretary and Treasurer—Charles A. Clarke.

The Supreme Court has handed down a decision in the appeal of the defendant for a new trial in the case of Gilbert H. Burnham vs. The Central Automobile Exchange. At the trial in the Superior Court Mr. Burnham was given a verdict for \$307.50 and the Supreme Court finds that he was not entitled to recover the \$125 allowed him for loss of use of the automobile. The decision states that unless Mr. Burnham immediately remits this amount to the defendant a new trial will be ordered.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Thompson, Jr., celebrated their crystal wedding at their home on Thames street on Sunday and received many callers throughout the day. They were the recipients of many pretty and useful gifts.

Rev. Joseph Cooper began his pastorate at the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday and was warmly received by his congregation. The pulpit was tastefully decorated with palms and potted plants.

The annual session of the Channing conference was held in New Bedford the past week. Rev. W. S. Jones and a number of members of the Channing church of this city was in attendance.

Mr. Charles T. Griffith, who has been running as purser between Miami and Naasau, is now on his way north and is expected home very shortly.

Rev. Henry N. Jeter, D. D., of this city, was a speaker at the ministers' conference at St. Paul's Church, Boston, Monday afternoon.

Rev. C. J. Nelson has been re-appointed to the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church in this city.

Mr. Carl Jurgens is entertaining his sister, Mrs. Charles Parker of New York.

Colonel and Mrs. Addison Thomas have opened their residence for the season.

The Prisoner of Zenda

By...
ANTHONY HOPE

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CHAPTER XXI.

It was night, and I was in the cell wherein the king had lain in the castle of Zenda. The great pipe that Rupert of Hentzau had nicknamed "Jacob's ladder" was gone, and the lights in the room across the moat twinkled in the darkness. All was still; the din and clash of strife were gone. I had spent the day hidden in the forest from the time when Fritz had led me off, leaving Sapt with the princess. Under cover of dusk, muffled up, I had been brought to the castle and lodged where I now lay. Though three men had died there—two of them by my hand—I was not troubled by ghosts. I had thrown myself on a pallet by the window and was looking out on the black water. Johann, the keeper, still pale from his wound, but not much hurt besides, had brought me supper. He told me that the king was doing well, that he had seen the princess; that she and he, Sapt and Fritz had been long together. Marshal Strakenz was gone to Strelsau; Black Michael lay in his coffin, and Antoinette de Mauban watched by him. Had I not heard from the chapel priests singing mass for him?

Outside there were strange rumors afloat. Some said that the prisoner of Zenda was dead; some, that he had "walked yet alive; some, that he was a friend who had served the king well in some adventure in England; others, that he had discovered the duke's plots and had therefore been kidnapped by him. One or two shrewd fellows shook their heads and said only that they would say nothing, but they had suspicions that more was to be known than was known if Colonel Sapt would tell all he knew.

Thus Johann chattered on I sent him away and lay there alone thinking not of the future; but, as a man is wont to do when stirring things have happened to him, rehearsing the events of the past weeks and wondering how strangely they had fallen out. And above me in the stillness of the night I heard the standards flapping against their poles, for Black Michael's banner hung there half mast high, and above it the royal flag of Ruritania, floating for one night more over my head. Habit grows so quick that only by an effort did I recollect that it floated no longer for me.

Presently Fritz von Tarlenheim came into the room. I was standing then by the window; the glass was opened, and I was idly fingering the cement which clung to the masonry where "Jacob's ladder" had been. He told me briefly that the king wanted me, and together we crossed the drawbridge and entered the room that had been Black Michael's.

The king was lying there in bed. Our doctor from Tarlenheim was in attendance on him and whispered to me that my visit must be brief. The king held out his hand and shook mine. Fritz and the doctor withdrew to the window.

I took the king's ring from my finger and placed it on his.

"I have tried not to dishonor it, sire," said I.

"I can't talk much to you," he said in a weak voice. "I have had a great fight with Sapt and the marshal, for we have told the marshal everything. I wanted to take you to Strelsau and keep you with me and tell every one of what you had done, and you would have been my best and nearest friend. Cousin Rudolf. But they tell me I must not, and that the secret must be kept, if kept it can be."

"They are right, sire. Let me go. My work here is done."

"Yes, it is done as no man but you could have done it. When they see me again I shall have my beard on. I shall—yes, faith, I shall be wasted with sickness. They will not wonder that the king looks changed in face. Cousin, I shall try to let them find him changed in nothing else. You have shown me how to play the king."

"Sire," said I, "I can take no praise from you. It is by the narrowest grace of God that I was not a worse traitor than your brother."

He turned inquiring eyes on me, but a sick man shrinks from puzzles, and he had no strength to question me. His glance fell on Flavia's ring, which I wore. I thought he would question me about it, but after frowning it idly he let his head fall on his pillow.

"I don't know when I shall see you again," he said faintly, almost listlessly.

"If I can ever serve you again, sire," I answered.

His eyelids closed. Fritz came with the doctor. I kissed the king's hand and let Fritz lead me away. I have never seen the king since.

Outside Fritz turned, not to the right, back toward the drawbridge, but to the left, and, without speaking, led me upstairs, through a handsome corridor in the chateau.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

Looking away from me, Fritz answered:

"She has sent for you. When it is over come back to the bridge. I'll wait for you there."

"What does she want?" said I, breathing quickly.

He shook his head.

"Does she know everything?"

"Yes, everything."

He opened a door and, gently pushing me in, closed it behind me. I found myself in a drawing room, small and richly furnished. At first I thought that I was alone, for the light that came from a pair of shaded candles on the mantelpiece was very dim. But presently I discerned a woman's figure standing by the window. I knew it was the princess, and I walked up to

"My queen and my beauty!" said I. "My lover and true knight!" she said. "Perhaps we shall never see one another again. Kiss me, my dear, and go."

I kissed her as she bade me, but at the last she clung to me, whispering nothing but my name and that over and over again—and again—and again—and then I left her.

Rapidly I walked down to the bridge. Sapt and Fritz were waiting for me. Under their directions I changed my dress, and, muddling my face, as I had done more than once before, I mounted with them at the door of the castle, and we three rode through the night



"It was always you, never the king."

and on to the breaking of day and found ourselves at a little roadside station just over the border of Ruritania. The train was not quite due, and I walked with them in a meadow by a little brook while we waited for it. They promised to send me all news. They overbore me with kindness. Even old Sapt was touched to gentleness, while Fritz was half unmaimed. I listened in a kind of dream to all they said. "Rudolf! Rudolf! Rudolf!" still rung in my ears, a burden of sorrow and of love. At last they saw that I could not heed them, and we walked up and down in silence till Fritz touched me on the arm, and I saw, a mile or more away, the blue smoke of the train. Then I held out a hand to each of them.

"We are all but half men this morning," said I, smiling. "But we have been men, eh, Sapt and Fritz, old friends? We have run a good course between us."

"We have defeated traitors and set the king firm on his throne," said Sapt. Then Fritz von Tarlenheim suddenly, before I could discern his purpose or stay him, uncovered his head and bent as he used to do and kissed my hand, and as I snatched it away he said, trying to laugh:

"Heaven doesn't always make the right men kings!"

Old Sapt twisted his mouth as he was wrung my hand.

"The devil has his share in most things," said he.

The people at the station looked curiously at the tall man with the muffled face, but we took no notice of their glances. I stood with my two friends and waited till the train came up to us. Then we shook hands again, saying nothing, and both this time—and, indeed, from old Sapt it seemed strange—bared their heads and so stood still till the train bore me away from their sight. So that it was thought some great man traveled privately for his pleasure from the little station that morning, whereas, in truth, it was only I, Rudolf Rassendyll, an English gentleman, a child of a good house, but a man of no wealth nor position nor of much rank. They would have been disappointed to know that. Yet had they known all they would have looked more curiously still, for, be I what I might now, I had been for three months a king, which, if not a thing to be proud of, is at least an experience to have undergone. Doubtless I should have thought more of it had there not echoed through the air, from the towers of Zenda that we were leaving far away, into my ears and into my heart the cry of a woman's love: "Rudolf! Rudolf! Rudolf!"

Hark! I hear it now!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE details of my return home can have but little interest. I went straight to the Tyrol and spent a quiet fortnight, mostly on my back, for a severe chill developed itself, and I was also the victim of a nervous reaction, which made me weak as a baby. As soon as I had reached my quarters I sent an apparently careless postcard to my brother, announcing my good health and prospective return. That would serve to satisfy the inquiries as to my whereabouts, which were probably still vexing the prefect of the police of Strelsau.

I let my mustache and imperial grow again, and, as hair comes quickly on my face, they were respectable, though not luxuriant, by the time that I landed myself in Paris and called on my friend George Featherly. My interview with him was chiefly remarkable for the number of unwilling but necessary falsehoods that I told, and I recalled him unmercifully when he told me that he had made up his mind that I had gone in the track of Mme. de Mauban to Strelsau. The lady, it appeared, was back in Paris, but was living in great seclusion—a fact for which gossip found no difficulty in accounting. Not all the world knew of the treachery and death of Duke Michael! Nevertheless George bade Bertram Bertrand be of good cheer, "for," said he significantly, "a live poet is better than a dead duke." Then he turned on me and asked:

"What have you been doing to your mustache?"

"To tell the truth," I answered, assuming a sly air, "a man now and then has reasons for wishing to alter his appearance. But it's coming on very well again."

"What! Then I wasn't so far out? If not the fair Antoinette, there was a charmer!"

"There is always a charmer," said I, philosophically.

But George would not be satisfied till he had wormed out of me (he took much pride in his ingenuity in an absolutely imaginary love affair, attended with the proper soupçon of scandal, which had kept me all this time in the peaceful regions of the Tyrol. In return for this narrative George regaled me with a great deal of what he called "inside information" (known only to diplomatists) as to the true course of events in Ruritania, the plots and counterplots. In his opinion, he told me, with a significant nod, there was more to be said for Black Michael than the public supposed, and he hinted at a well founded suspicion that the mysterious prisoner of Zenda, concerning whom a good many paragraphs had appeared, was not a man at all, but (there I had some ado not to smile) a woman disguised as a man, and that strife between the king and his brother for this imaginary lady's favor was at the bottom of their quarrel.

"Perhaps it was Mme. de Mauban herself," I suggested.

"No!" said George decisively. "Antoinette de Mauban was jealous of her and betrayed the duke to the king for that reason. And, to confirm what I say, it's well known that the Princess Flavia is now extremely cold to the king after having been most affectionate."

At this point I changed the subject and escaped from George's "inspired" delusions. But if diplomatists never know anything more than they had succeeded in finding out in this instance they appear to me to be somewhat expensive luxuries.

While in Paris I wrote to Antoinette, though I did not venture to call upon her. I received in return a very affecting letter, in which she assured me that the king's generosity and kindness, no less than her regard for me, bound her conscience to absolute secrecy. She expressed the intention of settling in the country and withdrawing herself entirely from society. Whether she carried out her designs I have never heard, but as I have not met her or heard news of her up to this time it is probable that she did. There is no doubt that she was deeply attached to the Duke of Strelsau, and her conduct at the time of his death proved that no knowledge of the mar's real character was enough to root her regard for him out of her heart.

I had one more battle left to fight—a battle that would, I knew, be severe and was bound to end in my complete defeat. Was I not back from the Tyrol without having made any study of its inhabitants, institutions, scenery, fauna, flora or other features? Had I not wasted my time in my usual frivolous, good for nothing way? That was the aspect of the matter which, I was obliged to admit, would present itself to my sister-in-law, and against a verdict based on such evidence I had really no defense to offer. It may be supposed, then, that I presented myself in Park Lane in a shamed, sheepish fashion. On the whole, my reception was not so alarming as I had feared. It turned out that I had done not what Rose wished, but the next best thing—that she had prophesied. She had declared that I should make no notes, record no observations, gather no materials. My brother, on the other hand, had been weak enough to insist that a really serious resolve had at length animated me.

When I returned empty handed, Rose was so occupied in triumphing over Rudolphe that she let me down quite easily, devoting the greater part of her reproaches to my failure to advise my friends of my whereabouts.

"We've wasted a lot of time trying to find you," she said.

"I know you," said I. "Half our ambassadors have led weary lives on my account. George Featherly told me so. But why should you have been anxious? I can take care of myself."

"Oh, it wasn't that," she cried scornfully. "But I wanted to tell you about Sir Jacob Horrodale. You know he's got an embassy—at least he will have in a month—and he wrote to say he hoped you would go with him."

"Where's he going to?"

"He's going to succeed Lord Topham at Strelsau," said she. "You couldn't have a nicer place, short of Paris."

"Strelsau! If it's me!" said I, glancing at my brother.

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" exclaimed Rose impatiently. "Now, you will go, won't you?"

"I don't know that I care about it."

"Oh, you're too exasperating!"

"And I don't think I can go to Strelsau. My dear Rose, would it be suitable?"

"Oh, nobody remembers that horrid old story now."

Upon this I took out of my pocket a portrait of the king of Ruritania. It had been taken a month or two before he ascended the throne, and he wore a full beard. Nevertheless she could not miss my point when I said, putting it into her hands:

"In case you've not seen or not noticed a picture of Rudolf V., there he is. Don't you think they might recall the story if I appeared at the court of Ruritania?"

My sister-in-law looked at the portrait and then at me.

"Good gracious!" she said and flung the photograph down on the table.

"What do you say, Bob?" I asked.

Burdleson got up, went to a corner of the room and searched in a heap of newspapers. Presently he came back with a copy of the Illustrated London News. Opening the paper, he displayed a double page engraving of the coronation of Rudolf V. at Strelsau. The photograph and the picture he laid side by side. I sat at the table, fronting them, and as I looked I grew absorbed. My eye traveled from my own portrait to Sapt, to Strakenz, to the rich robes of the cardinal, to Black Michael's face, to the stately figure of the princess by his side. Long I looked, and eagerly. I was roused by my brother's hand on my shoulder. He was gazing down at me with a puzzled expression.

"It's a remarkable likeness, you see," said I. "I really think I had better not go to Ruritania."

Rose, though half convinced, would not abandon her position.

"It's just an excuse," she said pettishly. "You don't want to do anything."

Why, you might become an ambassador!"

"I don't think I want to be an ambassador," said I.

"It's more than you ever will be," she retorted.

That is very likely true, but it is not more than I have been. The idea of being an ambassador could scarcely dazzle me. I had been a king!

So pretty Rose left us in dudgeon, and Burdleson, lighting a cigarette, looked at me still with that curious gaze.

"That picture in the paper"—he said. "Well, what of it? It shows that the king of Ruritania and your humble servant are as like as two peas."

My brother shook his head.

"I suppose so," he said. "But I should know you from the man in the photograph."

"And not from the picture in the paper?"

"I should know the photograph from the picture; the picture's very like the photograph, but—"

"Well?"

"It's more like you," said my brother.

My brother is a good man and true, so that, for all that he is a married man and mightily fond of his wife, he should know any secret of mine. But this secret was not mine, and I could not tell it to him.

"I don't think it's so much like me as the photograph," said I boldly. "But, anyhow, Bob, I won't go to Strelsau."

"No, don't go to Strelsau, Rudolf," said he.

And whether he suspects anything or has a glimmer of the truth I do not know. If he has, he keeps it to himself, and he and I never refer to it. And we let Sir Jacob Horrodale find another attack.

Since all these events whose history I have set down happened I have lived a very quiet life at a small house which I have taken in the country. The ordinary ambitions and aims of men in my position seem to me dull and unattractive. I have little fancy for the whirl of society and none for the jostle of politics. Lady Burdleson utterly despairs of me. My neighbors think me an indolent, dreamy, unsocial fellow. Yet I am a young man, and sometimes I have a fancy—the superstitious would call it a presentiment—that my part in life is not yet altogether played; that, somehow and some day, I shall mix again in great affairs, I shall again spin policies in a busy brain, match my wits against my enemies, brace my muscle to fight a good fight and strike bold blows. Such is the tissue of my thoughts as, with pen or rod in hand, I wander through the woods or by the side of the stream. Whether the fancy will be fulfilled I cannot tell, still less whether the scene that, led by memory, I lay for my new exploits will be the true one—for I love to see myself once again in the crowded streets of Strelsau or beneath the frowning keep of the castle of Zenda.

Thus led, my broodings leave the future and turn back on the past. Shapes rise before me in long array—the wild first revel with the king, the rush with my brave tentable, the night in the moat, the pursuit in the forest, my friends and my foes, the people who learned to love and honor me, the desperate men who tried to kill me. And from amid these last comes one who alone of all of them yet moves on earth, though where I know not, yet plans (as I do not doubt) wickedness, yet turns women's hearts to softness and men's to fear and hate. Where is young Rupert of Hentzau, the boy who came so high to beating me? When his name comes into my head I feel my hand grip and the blood move quicker through my veins, and the hint of fate, the presentiment, seems to grow stronger and more definite and to whisper insistently in my ear that I have yet a hand to play with young Rupert; therefore I exercise myself in arms and seek to put off the day when the rigor of youth must leave me.

One break comes every year in my quiet life. Then I go to Dresden, and there I am met by my dear friend and companion, Fritz von Tarlenheim. Last time his pretty wife Helga came and a lusty, crowing baby with her. And for a week Fritz and I are together, and I hear all of what falls out in Strelsau, and in the evenings as we walk and smoke together we talk of Sapt and of the king and often of young Rupert, and as the hours grow small at last we speak of Flavia, for every year Fritz carries with him to Dresden a little box; in it lies a red rose, and round the stalk of the rose is a slip of paper with the words written, "Rudolf—Flavia—always."

And the like I send back by him. That message and the wearing of the rings are all that now bind me and the queen of Ruritania, for—nobler, as I told her, for the act—she had followed where her duty to her country and her house led her and is the wife of the king, uniting his subjects to him by the love they bear to her, giving peace and quiet days to thousands by her self sacrifice. There are moments when I dare not think of it, but there are others when I rise in spirit to thank God that I love the noblest lady in the world, the most gracious and beautiful and that there was nothing in my love that made her fall short in her high duty.

Shall I see her face again—the pale, face and the glorious hair? Of that I know nothing. Fate has no hint, my heart no presentiment. I do not know. In this world perhaps—nay, it is likely—never. And can it be that somewhere, in a manner whereof our flesh bound minds have no apprehension, she and I will be together again, with nothing to come between us, nothing to forbid our love? That I know not, nor wiser heads than mine. But if it be never—if I can never hold sweet converse again with her or look upon her face or know from her her love—why, then, this side the grave I will live as becomes the man whom she loves, and for the other side I must pray a dreamless sleep.

THE END.

If the docters would open fewer people and more windows there wouldn't be so many Christian Scientists.—Mr. Dooley.

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Mr. McNulty, the new proprietor of the Saratoga, says the New York Sun, was standing in his bar at midnight, talking to Mr. Montgomery, the actor, when a negro bell boy rushed up and whispered in his ear.

"What?" exclaimed the hotel keeper, in evident astonishment.

"The boy repeated his message."

"Look a-here," exclaimed Mr. McNulty. "You go and tell him that there hasn't been such a thing in this house since it was first opened."

"What did he want?" asked the actor.

"He said that No. 109 wanted to borrow a Bible. The guy must think that he is staying in the Grand Union."

The most remarkable flying machine yet devised has been flubbed at Pleasanton, Cal., and is now ready for flight. It is to seat eighteen persons. The machine measures 225 feet in length, and has a diameter of 40 feet. The frame of the structure if built of 18,000 feet of aluminum, made in sections.

The six propellers are movable and adjustable and the blades are reversible. Four engines located within the ship drive the propellers, which are 8 feet in diameter and have 24-inch blades.

Considerable excitement was created in the New Jersey assembly chamber when Josiah D. Sumnerville of Pennsylvania fell in a faint in the lobby. He was quickly carried out into the corridor, where it was found he was slowly choking to death. Assemblyman Crowther, a physician, was called, and after some effort relieved the unfortunate man. His false teeth had slipped into his throat.

At Altoona, Pa., March 18, while doing some work in his butcher shop, Henry Doerr laid his \$400 diamond ring down on a chopping block.

Forgetting about it, he later placed a quarter of beef on the block and began cutting out a choice roast.

It was necessary to use the cleaver, and he brought it down with extra force right on top of the ring, shattering the diamond to a hundred pieces.

Stuyvesant Fish, seated in his Broadway office, was describing to a well-known financial editor the character of a western financier.

"The man's success amazes me," said Mr. Fish. "For he is altogether lacking in courage and initiative. In short, he is like that husband who, after answering the letter carrier's ring, returned and said timidly to his wife, 'A letter for me, dear, May I open it?'"

A remarkable marriage took place at Franklin, Pa., March 20. Mrs. Ellen Christina Fleming, 48 years old, was married to Asa Richard Dille, who is only 22. They live on adjoining farms near Franklin.

Mrs. Fleming was divorced from her first husband seven years ago, when her present husband was running around in knee breeches.

"Mrs. Henpeck seems to have her husband so well trained that he'd jump through a hoop if she held it up and gave him the word."

"It's worse than that. She even makes him help her celebrate the anniversary of her marriage to her first husband."

"There'll be a real good thing at the track tomorrow."

"Going out?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Doubly Sold.

The newly appointed master at a school in Wigan had learned all about "ribbing" and such little dodges as schoolboys practise, and had not forgotten them.

One day, during a lesson in history, he observed one of his pupils take out his watch every minute or two.

He grew suspicious.

Finally he strode slowly between the desk and stopped in front of the boy.

"Let me see your watch!" he commanded.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply.

The master opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word, "Sold!"

But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily.

He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied, for he read, "Sold again!"—Smith's Weekly.

Carducci, the great Italian poet, who has just died, came near having a duel one day. He possessed a fine spirit of contradiction and had the characteristics of a fighter. Once while travelling in Lombardy he was in a railway compartment with an army officer who did not recognize him. Conversation turned upon the latest literary productions. They spoke of a poem by the author of "Odes Barbares," which had just appeared.

"This Carducci," exclaimed the officer with enthusiasm, "is a superb genius, the greatest since Dante, the equal of Dante himself!"

"Humph," said the other, "a genius? That's too much to say; I find him very mediocre."

"Mediocre, sir? You don't know anything about it!"

"Oh, you are incapable of judging."

"You?"

"Sir?"

"Sir?"

The officer handed his card to his disponent. The other smiled. "There's mine!" And on it was the name, "Gloene Carducci, professor at the University of Bologna."

The officer, removing his hat, politely bowed.

John Wanamaker superintends, as all the world knows, one of the largest Sunday schools in Philadelphia.

It is said of Mr. Wanamaker that one Sunday he delivered before the infant class of Bethany a brief but eloquent address on the lesson. At the end he said:

"And now is there any question that any little boy or girl would like to ask me?"

A girl of eight or nine arose.

"Well, Martha, what is it?" said the superintendent, smiling on the tot in kindly fashion.

"Please, Mr. Wanamaker," said the little girl, "what is the price of those large wax dolls in your window?"—Washington Star.

A writer in the London Tatler publishes the following quaint story from a reader who was apparently unperturbed by the recent earthquake. A day in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the celestial came, among other things she asked him his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I can't remember all that," said the lady. "I will call you John."

John smiled all over and asked:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Mrs. Melville Longdon."

"Me no membe all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savvy Mrs. Melville Longdon. I call you Tommy."

"When I was at Harvard," said Dr. William F. Anderson of New York, in concluding a brief address, "the boys had a little epigram with which they used to warn speakers not to be too prolix. It compared a speech to a wheel."

"You know, professor," they would say, "the longer the spoke, the greater the tire."

"Woman's Home Companion."

The three lads were bragging about their parents' achievements. The first boy said: "My father is going to build a house with a tower on it."

"That's nothing," retorted the other boy, "my father is building a house with a flag-staff on it."

The third and youngest boy, not to outdone, said: "My father's going to build a house with a mortgage on it—so there!"—London News.

Yvette Guilbert, the charming French actress, now speaks English well enough to joke in it.

At a tea given in her honor by a Philadelphia women's club she said:

"English is not difficult. But one word may have so many different meanings. That is sometimes vexing."

"A mother said to her daughter:

"Don't you find Gus rather rough?"

"The daughter answered with a faint blush:

"Yes, mamma; and yet he says he shaves every day."

A certain farmer is noted for his constant complaining. A friend met him one morning and remarked:

"Fine weather, James."

"For them as ain't got to work."

"Your farm looks in fine condition."

"To them as ain't got to dig in it."

"Well, James, I'm glad your wife's better."

"Them as don't have to live with her may be."—Roseleaf.

A man interested in art, says William M. Chase, was calling on a friend and seeing a remarkably fine portrait, asked whose it was.

"Oh, that is an ancestor of mine," returned the owner of the picture.

"Yes, of course," replied the other; "I remember now, and it would have been an ancestor of mine if I had bid another hundred on it."—New York World.

Heinrich Contel was talking about old-fashioned concerts.

"Some of the bits directed at these concerts were merited," he said.

"One hit, and a good one, was made by an old Chicago millionaire. He called upstages to his daughters:

"What a time you girls take getting ready for the concert! Look at me; a bit of wadding in each ear, and I'm all ready!"—New York Tribune.

"Spirituoso beverages," said Mrs. Cumrox, "have wrecked many happy dispositions."

"Yes," answered her husband; "and so have salad, ice cream and coffee taken after 10 o'clock at night."—Washington Star.

Teacher—Now, children, remember the text, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die."

Pupil—Please, teacher, in our family we don't. We all take castor oil next day.—From Life.

THE LITTLE RUBY RING

By Virginia Leila Wentz

(Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.)

It was an inconspicuous band with a ruby setting, an old little ring of no great worth, and Cynthia had often speculated about its history. One thing, though, she knew—Frances valued it above everything that she possessed.

"I say, Frances," she'd once remarked to her sister, who happened to be polishing the stone, "if that ruby had a story that went with it, why that would be a different thing. If, for example, it had been given to Uncle John when he was consul to Calcutta by the rajah of Singhaee for a service—bidding him in the consulate during an insurrection or something. If in handing it to uncle the rajah had said: 'Excellent, this ruby rolled from the wounds that killed Ezuka, favorite princess of my ancestor, the king of Ahar—one moonlight night as the king strolled in the royal gardens, harking to the nightingales!'"

"What an unmitigated goose you are, Cynthia!" Frances had interrupted, smiling in spite of herself. Immediately, however, her exquisite face had grown grave. "We'll never speak of this little ring again, dear. Do you understand?"

And Cynthia—clever, wise Cynthia—understood. She understood that her sister's nature did not crave sympathy, the sort that thrives upon mutual confession and confidence. She understood that serene and resolute Frances met the critical situations in life with an inscrutable reserve.

"But I'm sure of one thing," Cynthia summed up to herself. "Here at twenty-eight Frances is still unmarried, and it's that little ruby ring that keeps her an old maid in spite of her beauty."

A beauty? That is what Frances Logan unquestionably was. She had been photographed in every variety of pose that modern society approves. She had been painted by several of the most celebrated artists. In fact, she was famous on two continents for her rare and wonderful personal charms. Yet she was still unmarried. "Must be waiting for a title," gossip said, as other girls, far less charming, came out, danced through a season or two and were married.

But above the doorway of the house of Logan was written inebriated—everything belonging to them, the old homestead included, gave hint of departed glory. A wealthy marriage had been pointed out to Frances as her duty in life. No sacrifice had been considered too great to give her the proper setting to this end, and her father and Cynthia, the second daughter, and the two little motherless boys had uncomplainingly submitted to remain in the background that Frances might shine abroad.

More and more plainly stood out the inebriated. More and more ardently pressed the suit of Birney Gates for Frances' hand. He was a man growing old, with thinning brown hair patently brushed, but with sun reddened face and eyes sharpened to keenness. "A man for men—to plan, to direct. The air of the broad, energetic west in every movement," Cynthia had once defined him. Presently Frances grew weary of the struggle and gave in. From the beginning it had been an unequal contest, for all along she knew that she must requite her family for their devotion. As she was going to sell herself for a price she might as well get the highest price.

"Frances, my dear, I am bankrupt," old Mr. Logan had said to her one evening as they were sitting around the library fire. "I can no longer keep up even a pretense of show. What are you going to do? Mr. Gates stands ready to put me on my feet again, but—ah, Frances! His voice was almost a cry.

Frances looked quickly away. She was toying nervously with her little ruby ring. Cynthia bent her head over a magazine that she had picked up, and there was a constrained silence.

"Frances, dear, don't you think you could accept him?"

"If Mr. Gates calls tomorrow, father, I shall accept him." There was a strange, sudden glitter in the girl's dark eyes as she bent over to stir the smoldering logs. Cynthia involuntarily turned toward the shapely hand that held the five tows. The little ruby ring was gone!

One morning a few weeks later Mr. Gates called and presented Frances with a jewel case. In the early light he looked older and redder than ever. She shrank from the touch of his lips on her hand. As she opened the case listlessly a necklace of diamonds and rubies sprang to view.

Rubies were her favorite stones. Some one else had promised her a deluge of them when he should have achieved fame and fortune.

"Frances, haven't you anything to say? They are superb!" reproved Cynthia. But her sister's lips only parted in a faint, inscrutable smile.

"Mr. Gates is aware that in a picturesque sacrifice one always decks the victim," she said mockingly.

For a second Mr. Birney Gates' keen eyes looked narrowly at this cold, insulting woman, so speedily to become his wife. He almost contemplated giving her back her liberty. Then he smothered his better impulse, being led off by her beauty, and a look of mastery tightened his thin lips.

From under her heavy lidded eyes Cynthia watched him. "He will tame Frances' spirit horribly," she thought to herself. "But I could tame his beautifully. If I might only try! Suppose—"

That night in dressing gown and slippers she trailed into her sister's room to have a few words with her. Frances was sitting in a deep chair, somewhat in shadow, her long white, ringless hands lying very still in her lap. Her whole being was as motionless as if it had lost all power of action.

"Honey," began Cynthia calmly after making herself comfortable against the rosewood bedpost, "you can't abide Mr. Birney Gates. Oh, don't bother about protesting, dear. Let us at least be truthful with each other. You can't abide him, and you love—the one who gave you that little ruby ring."

"Cynthia!" ejaculated Frances sharply.

"Now, if Mr. Gates would only set you free and take me in your stead," went on Cynthia evenly, pushing back a wavy lock of copper colored hair, "it would keep the money in the family just the same and give you your chance for happiness. Yes, and me, too," she added, with a slight blush, "for, Frances, you may not believe it, I could really learn to be fond of Birney Gates. It wouldn't all be merely mercenary ambition."

The implicit smile about the corners of the elder girl's delicate mouth gave way to an expression difficult to fathom as her eyes rested critically upon the slight figure in the pale gray dressing gown. Then slowly she shook her head.

"Mr. Gates has loved me for three years—not me, but my beauty. You are not even pretty, dear. Forgive me if I speak plainly, but you asked for truth between us."

"Oh-huh!" acquiesced Cynthia, biting her scrupled under lip and tugging slightly at the lace of her rolling collar. "You took all the beauty there was in the family, Frances, but if you give me permission to try maybe I can take him from you."

"Try, by all means," granted Frances indulgently.

The next night at the opera Frances made a remark to her fiancé that was more than usually caustic. From their box she had seen a face in one of the orchestra chairs—a vigorous, handsome, youthful face—which had recalled some one long absent. Just as the recollection was shooting through her with exquisite pain Gates chanced to lay his hand on her bare arm to call her attention to a bit of stage business.

"Don't!" she cried, shrinking. "For heaven's sake, don't!"

"Oh, Frances, Frances!" Cynthia's low, rich voice shook with emotion. Birney Gates turned his head in her direction and met her eyes. Curious gold green eyes they were, shadowed by long black lashes, languorous and enticely. For one moment he gazed as if under a spell. Later the girl dropped her fan, and he stooped to pick it up for her. As he handed it back his fingers touched her, and the contact thrilled him strangely.

As Frances' manner grew more and more mocking, Cynthia's grew more and more tender until Gates found himself turning to her for comfort after every rebuff from his promised bride.

"Of course I know she doesn't love me," Gates explained to Cynthia one day. "How could she? I am growing old. I am homely. But I am rich, and I want the best for my money, and so I want her—and I'm going to have her."

Cynthia's little hand on his arm quieted him.

"And is beauty the best?" she questioned softly.

He looked at the delicate face, alight with childish eagerness. The mysterious red mouth was quivering, the mysterious eyes were ablaze.

"Cynthia, not you?" he cried, his heart leaping. Then he opened his arms to her. "Sweetheart, you little witch, I don't know how it has come about, but it is you who are filling my days and nights—not Frances. Come."

"Oh, no," she warned, gliding away from him; "not until Frances has written giving you your freedom. But I'll tell her tonight, and then you can come openly to father and claim my hand."

On the day of Cynthia's wedding the guests, seeing the adoration in the eyes of Mr. Birney Gates, could not doubt the verity of her conquest, and she beamed with a pretty importance. Frances, robed in soft, shimmering white, was radiant. Her dark eyes were suffused with a mysterious softness, as of a joy never heralded.

And on her left hand once more she wore her little ruby ring.

Brains.

"A man stood on his head twenty minutes in order to win a wager. He died the next day."

"What killed him? Congestion of the brain?"

"No; if he had had any brains he wouldn't have done it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Specified.

"When in trouble," said the eminent lecturer, "refrain from worrying."

"But, doctor," asked a woman in the audience, "how can we?"

"Anyway," replied the lecturer, "refrain from worrying other people."

Worse Still.

"She—You'll be glad to learn, dear, that I've got out of visiting our relatives. Ho—Grand! Splendid! It hangs over me like a cloud. How did you manage it? She—Oh, I asked them here!—Life.

Meeting the Situation.

"I wonder if there's anything serious between that tall girl and the little captain?"

"I think there is. She has had the heels of all her shoes lowered."—File-geude Blatt.

Suspicious Signs.

"You better hurry up en collect de rent from Brer Williams."

"How come?"

"Well, fer de las' six nights he been a-singin' 'Jerusalem, My Happy Home,' en it's my opinion he's a-doin' ter move."—Atlanta Constitution.

Saving Him.

Little Johnnie—Mother, tell me how papa got to know you. Mother—One day I fell into the water, and he jumped in and fetched me out. Little Johnnie—Him! That's funny; he won't let me learn to swim.—Tit-Bits.

BURNING MARTYRS.

Cost of the Funeral Pyres Told in a Curious Old Bill.

A bill for the materials with which to burn Crammer and his fellow martyrs is probably the most curious and suggestive document ever presented for payment. The execution of Latimer and Ridley took place on Oct. 16, 1535, while Crammer did not suffer until March 21 of the following year.

The memorandum of the bill is included in the book which was found by Strype when he wrote his "Memoirs of Archbishop Crammer" in 1693, in which the expenses of the martyrs were entered during their imprisonment. This book is probably somewhere among the manuscripts of Oxford university, now a grim, matter of fact witness to the fanatical hatred of the day.

The following are exact transcripts from the bills by the person who had charge of the funeral pyres:

"Paid for the burning of Archbishop Crammer and his two fellow sufferers, Ridley and Latimer: For one hundred of wood fagots, 3s.; for one hundred and a half of furze fagots, 3s. 4d.; to the carriage of them, 8d.; to two laborers, 1s. 4d.; to three loads of wood fagots to burn Ridley and Latimer, 12s.; then, one load of furze fagots, 5s. 4d.; for carriage of these four loads, 2s.; then, a post, 1s. 4d.; then, for chains, 3s. 4d.; then, for staples, 6d.; then, for laborers, 4d."—Scrap Book.

REAL COUNTRY LIFE.

Why the American Farmer Grows Old Early in Life.

Any one who has lived on a farm does not need to be told the reason farmers grow old early, for he knows of the strain under which the American farmer lives during the five months of spring and summer. His workday is from 4 or 5 in the morning until 8 or 9 at night, including chores—fifteen to seventeen hours of the hardest kind of physical labor, and every minute of it at high tension, especially during harvest. Then comes a period of relaxation in the fall, the one time in the year when he has just enough muscular exercise to keep him in health; later, the winter season, approaching stagnation, in which he takes on flesh, gets "lasy," and then a furious debauch of hard labor through the spring and summer again. No wonder that by forty-five he has had a sunstroke and "can't stand the heat," or has "a weak back," or his "heart gives out," or a chill "makes him rheumatic," and when you add to this furious muscular strain the fact that the farmer sees his income put in peril every season and his very home every bad year, so that each unfavorable change in the weather sets his nerves on edge, it can be readily imagined that the real "quiet, peaceful country life" is something sadly different from the ideal—Woods Hutchinson, M. D., in Harper's.

An Optical Illusion.

An interesting optical experiment may be made with the ordinary incandescent light. Gaze steadily at the light for a few seconds, then suddenly extinguish it. The experiment is best performed in a very dark room. In about half a minute you will see the perfect image of the light, with the fine strands of wire plainly visible. It will be red at first. In a few minutes it will turn purple and then a bright blue. Later it will apparently move to the right. As you turn your gaze it will continue moving to the right. If you keep your gaze fixed, it will come back. It is surprising how long the illusion will last. It will be seen for fully five minutes, perhaps longer, and if you turn on the light and look away from it you will see the old image for several minutes, though more faintly than in the darkness.

Only Slight Mistakes.

Mrs. Lombard is a zealous and loyal friend, and she means withal to avoid exaggeration. "It's perfectly wonderful to see the way Cousin Henry counts bills at the bank," she said to a patient friend. "Why, I think they are so lucky to have him! He'll take a great pile of five and ten and twenty dollar bills and make his fingers fly just like lightning and never make a mistake!"

Established by Franklin in 1838.

The Mercury

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1000

Saturday, April 20, 1907.

The weather we have been having would have been considered very suitable last March but it is very far from what we expect in April.

Secretary Cortelyou is considering changes in the methods of inspecting baggage of incoming passengers. Returned travellers will rejoice if an improvement can be made.

England is reducing her debt. If she can keep out of costly wars for the next few years she may make some headway in the reduction. That little affair in South Africa a few years ago added a considerable burden to her.

A \$25,000 fire in the little village of Chapatet is a calamity for that neighborhood. The lack of fire protection puts many of the villages of the State at the mercy of the flames, and many times it is merely luck that save them.

The Union Pacific is the latest railroad to be found guilty of rebating. The Interstate Commerce Commission has found an agreement with an elevator company which is looked upon as a rebate. These are strenuous times for the railroads.

Canadian and American officers organized a joint raid on a liquor establishment located exactly on the line between Vermont and Canada. The result was that the proprietor landed in a Vermont jail and some of the liquors went to Canada for destruction.

According to the estimate of the U. S. census bureau the population of the cities and large towns in this State is now as follows: Providence 293,243; Pawtucket 44,211; Woonsocket 32,994; Newport 25,559; Warwick 25,454; Central Falls 19,702; Cranston 18,115; East Providence 14,072.

The end of the Thaw trial apparently by no means brings the end to the discussion. No wonder the jury discharged than nearly everybody connected with the case rushed into print—jurors, lawyers, principals, attendants, but the judge had the decency to keep quiet. And the worst of it is that the public devoured the details eagerly. It is to be regretted that another trial of the case will be necessary.

Many readers of the MERCURY have lately commented upon the remarkable accuracy of Foster's weather forecasts. It seems that he has not made a serious error during the entire spring, a really remarkable feat when it is remembered that his forecasts are made so long in advance. As the United States weather forecasts have proved very unreliable for this vicinity this spring it is refreshing to know that there is a weather prophet that can be depended upon.

General Assembly.

The Wetmore contingent in the General Assembly have gained one supporter. On Friday Dr. Nathan of Cranston cast his vote for Senator Wetmore, although he had at first voted for Col. Colt and afterward for ex-Governor Dyer. Aside from this the vote on the 56th ballot was the same as heretofore.

The House has passed a resolution for final adjournment on Tuesday of next week. This was accomplished by some of the Wetmore Republicans voting with the Democrats in opposition to the Colt Republicans who wished to prolong the session.

On Tuesday the Senate proceeded to elect those officers required by the passage of the act to fill vacancies by death. Joseph P. Burlingame was elected railroad commissioner, George R. Lawton a member of the State board of charities and corrections, and James M. Scott a member of the State House commission. The corrupt practices act, so-called, was defeated after a considerable debate, the Republicans taking the ground that no additional safeguards were provided than now exist.

The resolution for the sale of Long Rock in the town of Middletown to Mrs. Margaret Thayer Graham, which came up on Wednesday was put over until Friday. This rock is in front of the Whetstone estate and \$100 has been offered for it. In the House Mr. Burdick of Newport reported the act making the chief of police of Newport a permanent member of the police department and eligible to the police retirement, but he can be reduced to the ranks.

On Thursday the Senate passed in concurrence the appropriation of \$67,500 for the completion of Stone Bridge. The House passed in concurrence the acts incorporating the Rhode Island Society Sons of the Revolution and the General Nathaniel Greene Memorial Association.

President's Four Maxims.

First—Fit yourself for the work God has for you to do in this world, and leave no stone unturned.
Second—Have all the fun that is coming to you.
Third—Go ahead, do something and be willing to take responsibility.
Fourth—Learn by your mistakes.

Admiral in Prison.

Confined in the great military fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, Rear Admiral Nebogatoff, commander of the third Pacific Squadron, which surrendered in the battle of the Sea of Japan, is beginning his term of imprisonment, which is for 10 years. He was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted.

Known as a brave and resourceful officer, Admiral Nebogatoff was ordered to Oriental waters as a forlorn hope. With vessels of an antiquated type he was sent with Admiral Rozhdestvensky. The Russian people had faith in Nebogatoff. They believed he could win. But when news of his surrender came, their love for him turned to hate.

In their grief, rage and humiliation over their defeat, the authorities were in no mood to deal mercifully with any officer who failed to perform his whole duty.

It was charged that Nebogatoff surrendered, not in the heat of the battle, but with land close by, where his ships could have been beached and the crews might have escaped. The plea that the crews were in mutiny and that the officers were either thrown overboard or bound in their cabins did not lessen the hatred of Admiral Nebogatoff, and he was summarily ordered before the court-martial.

During the height of ill-feeling against him Nebogatoff remained in the hands of the Japanese, refusing to sign his parole. It was not fear that kept him there, but rather than agree not to again take a stand with his country's forces against the Japanese, he remained a prisoner.

When the court-martial was convened Admiral Nebogatoff appeared and answered the charges. The preliminary investigation showed much in his favor. The evidence was such, however, that a death sentence was pronounced.

Admiral Nebogatoff was privileged to set the time when his sentence should begin, and was allowed to choose his prison. He has a comfortably furnished room, and a special diet is provided for him.

Great Engineering Era.

Never before has the world seen as many colossal engineering projects under way as are now going forward within the boundaries of the United States. Nor are the Panama canal and the irrigation works combined the largest in point of cost in money. It is stated on good authority that in New York city alone, outside of ordinary buildings and government appropriations, \$800,000,000 is called for by the large undertakings in charge of civil engineers. Two-thirds of this amount has been allotted to the improvement of transportation terminals, including the river tunnels to reach them. The city is building three bridges over East river at a cost of from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 each. Sixteen tunnels are in progress under the broad waterways that surround New York, comprising six tubes under the Hudson, eight under East river, and two under the Harlem. Twelve more tunnels are actively projected, and the day is near when Manhattan will be reached on all sides by unbroken land routes. In engineering the work at New York is far more difficult, as well as more costly, than any in sight at Panama or in the reclamation service.

Recent visitors to Panama came back impressed with the idea that the canal is a simpler problem than has been supposed, and that it will be completed within the next decade. Some doubts remain as to the details of the largest dam and the locks connected with it, but the main labor ahead is that of moving masses of earth and disposing of them. Probably the French would have had the canal in operation by this time if their funds had been sufficient and rightly managed. In order to get cash the French had to go to the stock market, and financial trouble would have overtaken them at Panama even if free from speculation. But the United States pays cash readily for everything it needs at the isthmus. It can borrow at 2 per cent. If its present immense treasury balance is depleted, should the cost of the canal exceed the estimate, which is not unlikely, the flow of money will continue unchecked. The people of the United States have long waited the link between the two oceans, and are willing to meet its cost on an honest, workmanlike basis.

Not much less than a billion dollars is called for by the vast American engineering projects now in hand, and to the figures mentioned must be added the \$85,000,000 recently appropriated by congress for waterway and harbor improvement. These enterprises represent progress on a vast scale and their workings will be an object lesson to all civilization. Irrigated lands on the basis planned in the United States will open new possibilities in the earth's agriculture. The Panama canal will facilitate the world's commerce. New York's terminals, reaching into the crowded business heart of the city, will point the way for other densely populated centers. Improved waterways will give the country the transportation demanded, and the main navigable waters of the Mississippi valley will be made arms of the sea. These are not uncertain visions of the future. They are in active headway and the money is ready for them. The engineering development of this country has entered upon a golden age.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Government Ownership Unsatisfactory.

The population of New York numbering 3,437,202 had, on Jan. 1, 279,047 telephones in service, an average of 8.12 per 100 of population. The service was good considering its scope and volume, and the rates were probably as cheap as they could be for an adequate system. Notwithstanding these facts, some imagine that better results could be obtained from public ownership.

The residents of Paris support a monthly journal whose columns are replete with complaints from telephone subscribers filled with anathematism of the government ownership and operation of the telephone system.

As a general thing the telephone systems in Europe are owned and operated by the government either state or municipal. Because of such governmental ownership and operation, hinged about with restrictive red tape and so generally unsatisfactory in its service, the growth and development of the telephone as a means of intercommunication for general use has been restrained to such an extent that some of our smaller cities have more telephones than whole countries in Europe.

London, with nearly twice the population of New York, has less than one-half as many telephones; Paris, with more than two-thirds of New York's population, has less than one-quarter as many telephones. Of the principal European cities, Berlin, with its governmental service, makes the best showing as to number of instruments per unit of population.

The London lines are about evenly divided between the post-office system and that of the National Telephone Co., which is to be taken over by the government in 1911. As a general rule, no figure of cost, maintenance and operation, etc., of a government-owned line are obtainable in any of these places, but it is generally accepted among telephone men that the telephone system operated by the British post-office department is run at a loss, whereas the privately-owned company competing with it does so at a profit.

In Paris the service is owned and operated by the government, but the subscribers own the instruments. In consequence there are about 200 different types of approved instruments, which adds to the difficulties of a system whose excellent service produces as many approved types of complaints.

In Berlin and Vienna the systems are likewise owned and operated by the respective governments, and while the service is slow, it is satisfactory after a connection has been obtained. Stockholm, Sweden, is the best developed city in Europe from a telephone standpoint, and while the service is owned by the State, it is good and far ahead of the management of the other State-owned systems.

The figures of the telephone branch of the German imperial postal service for 1906 are the only ones of the above-mentioned service which are available. They show the cost of the system at that time to have been \$67,613,000 and the income as follows: Receipts, \$111,025,533; expenses, \$99,140,221; surplus, \$12,472,817.

The operating ratio, as disclosed from these figures, is 88 per cent. for an inefficient service. This figure compares with 73.6 per cent., which was the operating ratio of the Bell companies in this country in 1905.

The results of the State operation of the telephone systems of Europe ought to convince those who clamor for governmental ownership and operation in this country that while the proposition may be perfect in theory it is defective in practice, and to be religiously avoided if our country would progress in the future as it has in the past, and lead the world in every branch of telephone development and use.

"Don't Mind if I Do."

In a lecture at Leeds F. R. Benson told his audience of a man to whom he offered a ticket for a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The offer was accepted in the words, "Well, I don't mind if I do." The phrase is not precisely what one might call an outburst of gratitude. Analyzed, indeed, it is extraordinarily rude. It is no more than a synonym for "Thank you for nothing." But of course those who use the expression—and they are a large number—do not stay to analyze its meaning, and the persons to whom it is addressed accept it, if they are wise, without affront. It is merely another example of the slipshod style of speech that has become so common. We have substituted "Thanks" for "Thank you," yet even the latter would have seemed abrupt and discourteous to the more punctilious age that would have said, "I thank you." The young lady of today, when she wishes to show extraordinary gratitude, rattles out, "Oh, you're too good!" It is spontaneous, no doubt, but it does not carry quite the air of "I protest you do overwhelm me with kindness."—London Saturday Review.

Better Than Brains.

A poor, dyspeptic little minister was walking out one Monday morning when he chanced to meet two brother clergymen, hale, hearty looking fellows. After the customary greetings they asked him how things looked. He pulled a long face and said everything was bad. It was a dying world, and the outlook was wretched. "Now, brother," said his questioner, "you are wrong yourself. Something is the matter with your brain. You want to get that right, like ours," slapping his comrade on the shoulder, "then the world will look brighter to you." The dyspeptic looked at both his "brothers" a minute and then said, "I'd rather have the stomach of one of you than the brains of both of ye."—Boston Herald.

Washington Matters.

White House is Watching Events in the Country—Secretary Bonaparte Settles the Label Question—Things are not Smooth for the Italian Ambassador—Notes. (From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., April 18, 1907. Events "out in the country" are being carefully watched from the White House, for it is recognized that the light for the next Presidential domination is already on and from this time forward there will be a constant succession of plots and counter plots, the more exasperating and harder to fight from the fact that it will be bushwhacking and not fighting in the open. It is generally recognized by the old politicians that the President is more popular anywhere in the country than he is in Washington. This does not mean among the resident population of Washington, for that has no vote and does not count. But the political population that is assembled on Capitol Hill for the most of each year is by no means friendly as a whole to the President, and the most difficult thing in the coming struggle will be to pick out friends from foes and know who is really devoted to the President and the policies represented by him.

The men of affairs who are friends of the President are being closely questioned as to the sentiment of the country whenever they come to Washington from out of town, and the consensus of opinion gleaned in this way may perhaps be safely taken as a fair indication of the general sentiment. The reports are that the President is stronger in almost all parts of the country with the voting population than he has ever been before. At the same time it is recognized that he is going to have the Republican machine to fight in many of the stronger States, and this will mean an immense amount of work.

Reports that reach the White House are not at all favorable to Secretary Taft in Ohio. Of course the fight from his side has scarcely begun there yet, but one of the best politicians in the country, who has just come back to Washington from a visit to Columbus, says that Foraker is bound to win the State fight. And this if it is true will be a serious handicap to his aspirations for the nomination. It will not mean his certain defeat, but it will put a strong check on that way.

Of course the President has said that he is not backing Taft or any other man personally. All he wants is someone who is independent of corporate influence and free and willing to carry out the so-called Roosevelt policies. Of course if it is not Taft, it might be Hughes or it might be Root, though this is unlikely, or it might be someone else. Or it might be President Roosevelt himself. He has said that he does not want the nomination again and he has repeated it so often that he must be tired of saying it. But the sentiment of the country seems to be pointing strongly toward forcing the nomination on him whether he wants it or not and there may be a cyclone that he cannot withstand. One thing is certain, and that is that the States are getting rapidly into line for the fight and a number of the staunchest political leaders have said that they are ready to pledge the several delegations to the President if he wants them himself and that they may be able to hold them in line for the man of his choice.

Secretary Bonaparte through the President has settled the whiskey label question. There has been a fight for months for the interpretation of the Pure Food and Drug Act so that the dealers might know how to label whiskey. The distillers and the bottled-in-hand people claimed that nothing was whiskey or could be called by that name that had not been through a bonded warehouse. The rectifiers and blenders who make whiskey out of anything from prune juice to high proof spirits, held that anything that looked, smelled and tasted like whiskey could be so called. The decision of the Attorney General is Solomon like in its wisdom and clearness. He says in effect that "anything that is whiskey is whiskey but anything that is not whiskey is something else." This splits the difference very nicely between the purists in whiskey and leaves the matter where it will have eventually to be settled by the courts, which would have been done in any case.

Dr. Wiley has been one of the champions of pure whiskey through the fight and nearly all of the correspondents saw him on the night the decision was given out and begged him for a talk on what the decision really meant and how he liked it. But Dr. Wiley was not to be drawn into any official discussion and evaded all importunities. Late at night one of the correspondents called him up by telephone and demanded that he say something for publication. Anything would do, the correspondent assured him, anything touching on the Pure Food Law and the general subject of proper branding of products.

"All right then," said the doctor, "I'll stand for being quoted if you will adhere to what I tell you and not misquote me." The interlocutor at the other end of the phone brightened up at this and said cheerfully, "Go ahead. I'll use anything you say." "Very well," said the doctor, "You can say that the Department of Agriculture is going to institute a prosecution through the Department of Justice against Prof. Willis Moore (Chief of the Weather Bureau) on the ground of misbranding this weather we are having and calling it April when it ought to be labeled 'Imitation March'." Washington weather lately has been just about what might be inferred from that remark, and the Chief Chemist rang off chuckling at his own joke.

There is a rumor in diplomatic circles that the Italian Ambassador Mayor des Planches is going the way of Sir Mortimer Durand, the late English representative. There has been a report for some time that everything was not so smooth as it might be socially for the Ambassador and point was given to this rumor when the Ambassador did not return to this country from a recent trip to Italy. It was explained diplomatically that he had not come back to America owing to ill health that would not stand the sickness involved by an ocean voyage. But it is said now that the Ambassador is going to take one more trip to the south looking into the conditions for the importation of Italian labor on the farms and then will return to Italy to make a report and will not come back to this country. If this is so there will be considerable regret in official circles, for he has been a very welcome visitor at the State Department.

"Hain't that man seen better days?" "Yes, before they ruled him off the track."—Baltimore American.

Tell us a woman's age and we can tell you what she prays for.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., April 20, 1907. Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 18 to 22, warm wave April 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 24. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 23, cross west of Rockies country by close of 24, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern states 28. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about April 23, great central valleys 25, eastern states 27. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about April 20, great central valleys 23, eastern states 30.

This disturbance will follow the coldest weather of April and will cause a great rise in temperatures. It will be one of the most severe disturbances of the month and temperatures will permanently change to much higher averages. Rainfall last days of April will not be heavy and drought will threaten large sections south of the Missouri between the Mississippi and the Rockies.

About and immediately following April 20 a severe disturbance will be in transit and the great warm wave will be followed by a great drop in temperatures causing unusual extremes and carrying frosts unusually far southward. Strenuous weather throughout April has been expected.

May promises about normal temperatures with dry in eastern states and in southwest between Mississippi and the Rockies. Next bulletin will give detailed forecasts of crop-weather for May. Rainfall of that month will begin to indicate what the crops of 1907 will be and will begin to indicate the localities where the droughts of 1907 will produce most damaging effects.

Mad Dog Bites Child and Man.

Methuen, Mass., April 18.—Charles C. Bird's 6-year-old son was torn and bitten about the head last night by a bull dog which had apparently run mad. The boy was in the yard of his father's residence when the animal bounded into the yard from the street. Jacob Lacrosse rushed to the boy's aid and though he was bitten about the hands severely, managed to hold the dog until another man killed it with an axe. It is believed that the dog came here from Lawrence, where an animal answering his description bit several dogs yesterday.

Missing Treasurer Gives Himself Up.

Springfield, Mass., April 19.—John D. White, former city clerk and treasurer of Chicopee, who has been missing since Aug. 25 last, walked into the police station last night and gave himself up. After his departure a shortage of about \$3500 was found in his accounts and he is now under indictment by the Hampden county grand jury. White appears to be a mental wreck.

Murder Charge Against Clark.

Boston, April 16.—Briggs Clark, charged with murdering, on Saturday evening, John E. Higgins, a teacher, appeared in the Charlestown municipal court and after a hearing was held in bonds of \$5000 for the May term of the superior court.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1907.	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun
20 Sat	5 16	6 43	7 12	7 41	8 10	8 39	9 08	9 37	10 06	10 35	11 04	11 33	12 02	12 31	1 00
21 Sun	5 14	6 41	7 10	7 39	8 08	8 37	9 06	9 35	10 04	10 33	11 02	11 31	12 00	12 29	1 58
22 Mon	5 13	6 40	7 09	7 38	8 07	8 36	9 05	9 34	10 03	10 32	11 01	11 30	11 59	12 28	1 57
23 Tues	5 11	6 38	7 07	7 36	8 05	8 34	9 03	9 32	10 01	10 30	10 59	11 28	11 57	12 26	1 55
24 Wed	5 10	6 37	7 06	7 35	8 04	8 33	9 02	9 31	10 00	10 29	10 58	11 27	11 56	12 25	1 54
25 Thurs	5 08	6 35	7 04	7 33	8 02	8 31	9 00	9 29	9 58	10 27	10 56	11 25	11 54	12 24	1 53
26 Fri	5 07	6 34	7 03	7 32	8 01	8 30	8 59	9 28	9 57	10 26	10 55	11 24	11 53	12 23	1 52

Last Quarter, 5th day, 10h. 20m. morning.
New Moon, 12th day, 2h. 6m. morning.
First Quarter, 20th day, 2h. 5m. evening.
Full Moon, 28th day, 1h. 5m. evening.

For Sale.

A Desirable Residence Near Touro Park.

(This is an excellent house with over 6,000 ft. of front lot. Situation is most central and desirable. This place would make a thoroughly comfortable all-year-round residence, and would be admirably adapted for a doctor's office and domicile. Price very moderate.)

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and
Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.
Telephone No. 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., William Powers, in his 67th year.
In this city, 16th inst., Mary A., widow of Samuel J. Carr, in her 82d year.
In Boston, 17th inst., Louisa, wife of John Bourdige, daughter of Mrs. Bourdige, and daughter of the late Rear Admiral Charles Henry Davis, U. S. Navy.
In Providence, 14th inst., Emily Robinson, wife of George W. H. Robinson.
In Providence, 16th inst., Susan M., widow of Thomas J. White, in her 74th year.
In North Attleboro, 17th inst., Bridget, wife of Daniel Morris.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Warranted

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

ODOR OF SULPHUR

Followed the First Shock in the Mexican Earthquake.

PERMEATED GREAT AREA**May Have Some Connection**

With Active Volcanoes—Death List May Exceed One Hundred—Damage in City of Mexico.

Mexico City, April 19.—The Associated Press is in communication with several towns in the district most affected by the recent earthquake. Telegrams make it certain that the death list will exceed 100. There are a number of small towns yet to be heard from, but up to date the fatalities at these places have ranged from 9 to 12 and the injured from 39 to 40.

In the city of Chilapa, state of Guerrero, which was almost totally destroyed, 33 persons were injured and 779 buildings destroyed.

One peculiar phenomena, which has just been made known, is that after the first great shock the air was filled for many miles with a sickening, sulphurous odor. This caused great distress to the survivors. There is much speculation as to the cause of this and some consider it as a proof that the earthquake had its origin in some subterranean explosion. For this reason considerable anxiety will be felt until news is received from the sections surrounding the active volcanoes of Colima and Jurrullo. Even the water in the streams was made sulphurous.

The telegram from Chilpancingo says: "In the beginning the earth movement was oscillating and then changed to trepidatory. Nobody could tell how long it lasted on account of the intensity of the phenomena, but it must have been more than four minutes. At the same time there was a very pronounced odor in the air. On the following day almost everybody complained of headaches. In some parts of the city the odor could be detected when excavations for water were made. On the night of April 14 the same odor was detected on the road to Acapulco, and in the streams as far as Agua Del Perro, 41 miles from here.

"The shocks continue at long intervals and, although not strong, they spread panic among the inhabitants. There was no disorder nor were there any acts of pillage. Everybody is trying to help the sufferers. The authorities are aiding the people to the best of their ability."

The total loss of property at Chilapa, including the cathedral, the various churches, the city hall and other buildings, amounts to over \$2,000,000. The whole population of Chilapa is panic-stricken. Since Sunday 25 distinct shocks have been felt.

As the examination of Mexico City proceeds it is learned that the damages are much more extensive than was at first supposed. There is universal regret over the damage to the great cathedral here, which is one of the oldest, largest and most famous churches in the world. The crack in the rear wall of this building extends in a zigzag line from the roof to the floor, and is from five to six inches wide. This cathedral is many centuries old and took 100 years in the building. It is situated on the site of the old Aztec temple, and has been visited by thousands of tourists.

City of Mexico, April 16.—A destructive earthquake, which was felt more or less throughout the greater part of Mexico yesterday, caused panic in this city and completely destroyed the cities of Chilpancingo and Chilapa, as well as several small towns and villages.

In this city the shocks were sufficiently severe to shake buildings violently, and hundreds fled precipitately to the hills adjoining.

Chilapa is the capital of the state of Guerrero and four years ago was visited by an earthquake which killed and wounded many of its inhabitants and destroyed a large part of the town. The population of the town is 7488, and until the panic into which the citizens have been thrown abates it will be impossible to state accurately to just what extent the recent earthquake has decreased it. The population of Chilpancingo is 15,000.

All communication with the west coast has been cut off since the moment of the first shock, and it is not known to what extent that region suffered. The nearest big town, Acapulco, which is 131 kilometers to the southwest of Chilapa, has not been heard from.

Earthquakes in Europe.

Constantinople, April 18.—An earthquake shock was felt here and in the suburbs yesterday. It was especially sharp in the upper part of the Bosphorus. A severe undulatory earthquake occurred at Askabad, Russian Transcaspia. Severe earth shocks were also reported from Tortosa and Murcia, Spain. Much damage was done, but no casualties have been reported.

Earthquake at Manila.

Manila, April 10.—Two severe earthquake shocks were felt here this morning. No damage is reported.

Fire Destroys Mining Town.

Latchford, Ont., April 18.—The new Ontario town of Latchford, nine miles from the Cobalt silver mining camp, was practically destroyed by fire last night. The loss is over \$100,000. Within two hours 50 buildings were destroyed. The town is without fire protection. There were no fatalities.

Recovery of Stolen Money.

St. Paul, April 19.—The \$25,000 stolen from the office of the Northern Express company Tuesday night has been recovered by the police. John Gunderson, the suspected robber, who was arrested on Wednesday, confessed yesterday to the police where he had hidden the money.

The Judge and Tim.

Judge Lindsay, the famous "children's judge" of Denver, does not believe that there are bad boys. "Boys do bad things," he has been heard to say, "but they aren't really bad themselves. There is a lot of good in the worst of them, and we can usually find it if we try." Perhaps of all the public men interested in the welfare of the so-called bad boy, he has been the most successful in finding the good he speaks of so optimistically.

There are cases, however, that are baffling even to his patience. One of these was that of a thirteen-year-old boy who was brought into the juvenile court on a charge of truancy. Tim was a bright-looking little chap, and the judge expected that his kindly admonition would lead to immediate results, but he was disappointed; for at the end of the fortnight, when Tim was ordered to bring his teacher's report, in accordance with the system organized by Judge Lindsay, he presented a record of almost continual absences from school.

"You must do better than this," said the judge.

"Yes, sir," was the answer; but at the next report day there was no improvement. "That will stay out of school to work," wrote the teacher.

"Tim," said Judge Lindsay, looking across the table where he always sits with cozy informality among the boys brought into court for varying degrees of delinquency, "don't you know that if your mother was living she'd want you to go to school? Your aunt is good to you and gives you a home, and you don't have to work. Now's the time when you ought to be studying. You can work when you are a man."

"My father's a man, and he don't work," blurted out Tim. "He went off and left mother and me. I guess that's what killed her." The boy gulped down a sob, and the judge said gently, "Your mother wished you to be a good man, and you must begin by obeying the law and going to school."

Tim's reports still continued to show absences from school, and to one report the teacher added her opinion that it was hopeless to try to keep Tim at his studies. Still the judge was not discouraged, and he spoke again to the boy, urging him to mend his ways, and was answered only by an almost sullen stolidity of expression which did not seem to promise well. But at the end of the next two weeks Tim appeared with a happy face and a much improved report card.

He pulled a soiled and crumpled paper from his pocket and handed it to the judge. "I'm going to remember all the things you told me and I'm going to school regular, now I got that done," he said, with some pride. Judge Lindsay examined the paper, which proved to be a receipted bill, and found that, little by little, Tim had paid \$50 for a headstone at his mother's grave.

"My boy, is that what you've been doing all these months?"

"I wanted her to have a monument, judge," Tim fervently wiped away the moisture in his eyes. "She done a lot for me; that's all I could do for her now."

Character in the Face.

The face as a map of character and disposition is the subject of an elaborate study by an Englishwoman. She holds that the reading of the features can be reduced to an exact science.

There is an elaborate classification of eyes. Among the broad deductions is the dictum that dark eyes invariably indicate a strong, passionate nature, while light blue ones show a calculating, cool and resolute character.

Light brown eyes are signs of intelligence, fancy, fickleness in love and a rapidly fluctuating temperament. A sure indication of aristocratic gift is penetrating eyes and they also betoken literary skill in the use of language.

A strongly developed nose is a mark of superior endowments. The owner of a big nose has more energy than the owner of a small one.

The majority of men who have become renowned as rulers and leaders is said to have big noses—Caesar, Wellington, Napoleon and Nelson, for example. A man with modest intellect and a big nose can always be reckoned on to make more of a mark than a man with a great brain and a little nose.

The nostrils also have their significance. Large nostrils indicate courage; little ones, cowardice. Long narrow noses show activity and faculty vigor. Broad nostrils opening toward the side show a predilection for horses.

Mouth and lips are full of suggestiveness. The man with the hanging underlip is apt to lack perseverance and concentration of purpose. The modest individual's lower lip is habitually pressed close against the upper lip at the centre.

The sentiment of hate causes a hard dropping of the lower lip so as to show the teeth. Persons who habitually show the teeth in this way are apt to be unamiable.

The chin and lower jawbone are important indexes of character. True love is evident in a face in which the jawbone broadens clear back to the level of the wisdom teeth. This is true both of men and women.

The youth who seeks an amiable spirit in his sweetheart must choose a girl with gently curving lower lips and full and well rounded chin; her eyes must be soft and brown. If he desires great constancy, he must look carefully to the spread of her lower jaw. Economy is promised by a widening of the nose just above the wings of the nostrils.

On the other hand, the young woman who desires an industrious husband should choose a man with long upper lip. If she desires even good temper for her spouse, she had best choose one with round face and curly hair.—New York Sun.

Some Weather Signs.

The Farmers' Club of the American Institute has issued the following rules for forecasting the weather:

1. The wind never blows unless rain or snow is falling within one thousand miles of you.
2. When cirrus clouds are rapidly moving from the north or northeast, there will be rain inside of twenty-four hours, no matter how cold it is.
3. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather to a region where a storm is forming.
4. When the temperature suddenly falls, there is a storm forming south of you.
5. When the temperature suddenly rises, there is a storm forming north of you.
6. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is in progress to a region of fair weather.
7. When cirrus clouds are rapidly moving from the south or southeast, there will be a cold rainstorm on the morrow, if it is in summer; if it is in winter, there will be a snowstorm.
8. Whenever heavy, white frost occurs, a storm is forming within one thousand miles north or northeast of you.
9. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north, the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blows from the south, the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blows from the east, the heaviest rain is south of you; if it blows from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.

The Conclusion.

A group of workmen were arguing during the dinner hour. A deadlock had been reached, when one of the men on the losing side turned to a mate who had remained silent during the whole of the debate.

"Excuse me," he said, "you're pretty good at an argument. What's your opinion?"

"I ain't a going to say," said Bill. "I thrashed the matter out afore with Dick Grey."

"Ah!" said the other, actually, hoping to entice him into the fray, "and what did you arrive at?"

"Well, e-ventually," said Bill. "Dick" arrived at the hospital and I arrived at the police station!"—London Tit-Bits.

She asked No More Questions.

A kindly-faced woman showed great interest in going through the industrial school for blind men. Seeing one sightless man busily engaged eating a chair, she said sympathetically:

"I don't see how you mean to do that work at all."

"That's the way with us, madam," said the worker, cheerily. "We don't see how we do it ourselves."

To another blind man she said: "Do you close your eyes when you sleep?"

The answer came quickly:

"Oh, no, madam; we have a watchman that goes around and closes 'em for all of us at 10 o'clock."

The kindly-faced woman asked no more questions.

A Testimonial.

There is a clever and gallant young fellow attached to the British Embassy at Washington who, since his advent into the official set at the National Capital, has achieved quite a reputation as a wit.

One afternoon the clever attaché was receiving the finishing touches at the hands of a pretty manicurist on Connecticut avenue, when with limpid eyes she looked at him and said:

"We are so grateful for any testimonials from our patrons. Do you mind?"

"On the contrary, I should be delighted," responded the Briton. Then, taking a card, he wrote thereon the following and handed it to her:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Illustration of The Quick Wit of Kansas.

You can't lose Kansas at any turn of the road. Her people are as quick with their wits in the big marts of civilization as they are with their scythes and more dangerous blades on their native heath.

Old Senator Plumb of Kansas got away with a Goshawite some years ago at a Waldorf-Astoria dinner given to a Kansas delegation by plutocrats with axes to grind.

The fish course presented itself in the form of a mammoth salmon couchant and rampant and its garniture.

"You don't have fish like that in Kansas, do you, senator?" asked the New Yorker.

"No," drawled the Westerner. "We don't need 'em. The Lord knows where to send brain food."

Just Like a Man.

"John, the cook has left."

"Now, Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office all tired out and hungry?"

"But, John, dear, I merely want to say the cook has left."

"Yes, I know you 'merely want to say.' And I merely want to say that it's a damned shame that this household is eternally disorganized. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why—"

"John Smith, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding and a pint of claret on the dining room table for you."

"Well, Gwendolyn, why in the name of common intelligence didn't you say that at first?"—Judge.

Another Boss Out.

That there is a startling difference between the temper of the rising generation and that of the youth whose young ideas afloat according to the teachings of Mrs. Hannah Moore and Sanford and Merton, has recently been proved by a little 7-year-old girl, who was laboriously spelling her way through a reading lesson.

"Always speak the truth," she said, "and obey your parents."

"Be gentle and quiet. Never slam the door and shout and scream about the house."

"At the table eat slowly; not in a greedy-y manner like a pig."

Suddenly the little girl shut the book with a portentous bang and announced with firmness and decision:

"I'm not going to like any old third reader boss me like that!"—Rochester Herald.

Collected.—"Fare."

The passenger gave no heed.

"Fare, please."

Still was the passenger oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term 'fare,' said the conductor, 'I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in consciousness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car, and suggest that, without contemplating your celerity with anticipation, you liquidate.'"

At this point the passenger emerges from his trance.—Phila. Ledger.

"Automobiles are not nearly so safe as the good old-fashioned family nag."

"Mine is fur safer."

"Sure; our good old family nag, whenever my wife went driving, used to stop at all the saloons I was in the habit of visiting; but my auto goes by them as if it had never seen them."—Houston Post.

Fellowship is born of labor. The desire and ability to work—to become an active factor in the world's onward sweep—is to do one of the commands of God and measurably will in the royal battle of life.—Rev. T. E. Potterton, Episcopalian, Brooklyn.

Griggs—Dropped into the outhouse this morning and lost my overcoat there, confound the lock.

Briggs—That's nothing. Last week I lost a whole suit there.—Boston Transcript.

Fair Bargainer—"I tell you that I wear a number two."

Glerk—"But, madam, this shoe that you just took off is a number four."

"Yes, I know, but it has stretched horribly."—Lippincott's.

"Don't you feel any sympathy for him?"

"Not a bit; he didn't need sympathy till he got found out; an' a man that gets found out doesn't deserve sympathy."—Houston Post.

Maiden lady (rescued from drowning, to her rescuer)—How can I ever thank you, noble young man? Are you married?

"No; have you a pretty daughter?"

—Meggsdorfer Blatter.

She—Of course, every woman expects her husband to live up to his ideals.

He—Her ideals, you mean.—Brown-ing's Magazine.

Atavistic.

Before a great fire of logs in Hellou Hall, the seat of his Utupian colony, Upton Sinclair one snowy night talked of the injustice of the private ownership of land:

"A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke happened to meet him and said:

"Do you know you're walking on my land?"

"Your land?" said the tramp. "Well, I've got no land of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where, though, did you get this land?"

"I got it from my ancestors," said the Duke.

"And where did they get it from?" went on the tramp.

"From their ancestors," said the Duke.

"And where did their ancestors get it from?"

"They fought for it."

"Come on, then," said the tramp, fiercely, as he pulled off his coat, "and I'll fight you for it."

"But the Duke, hastily retreating, declined to accept this fair offer."—Washington Star.

Girl Caddies in Demand.

Young women addicted to golf are securing young girls as caddies. So there's another masculine occupation changing hands.

The players say they never had a boy attendant yet who didn't either giggle, laugh, exclaim or criticize when the golfer made an off hit.

The boys, too, were apt to run off after stray squirrels or else were too busy to come at the very time their services were most desired. According to Good Housekeeping, those who have tried girls find them more respectful, more companionable and more conscientious. Their strength seems equal to that of boys, while their manners are decidedly more soothing.—Philadelphia Record.

Golfer (who rather fancies himself)—I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh?

The caddie takes no notice.

Golfer (in his loudest voice)—I say, I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh?

Caddie—I heard verra weel what ye said the first time. I'm just thinkin' about it.—The Sketch.

Counsel (defending prisoner)—I am a follower of Lombroso and believe that my client was predestined to perform the deed, therefore he should not be acquitted. Judge—I also am a follower of Lombroso, and believe that I was predestined to pronounce judgment upon the prisoner. I therefore sentence him to two years' imprisonment.—Lustige Blaetter.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I could not come to your 'at home' yesterday."

"Dear me, weren't you there?"

"Why, of course, I was—how very silly of me—I quite forgot."—London Punch.

The Younger Man—Strange that women can't throw straight.

The Older Man—Yes; my wife tells me she threw herself at another fellow—missed and caught me.—Princeton Tiger.

Anxious Parent—Doctor, my daughter appears to be going blind, and she is about to be married.

Doctor—Let her go right on with the wedding. If anything can open her eyes, marriage will.—Stray Stories.

"Yes, poor Mrs. Elderly is all wrapped up in that son of hers."

"And he isn't much of a wrapper, eh?"

Employment and hardship prevent melancholy.—Johnson.

"Sonny, ain't you afraid that such a big cigar will make you sick?"

"Well, sir, I don't mind being sick in a cause like this."

An Unproductive Duck.

Miss Kate Sanborn, who has written much on the abandoned farms of New Hampshire, tells of an experience she had in raising ducks. The ducks proved to be enormous feeders, and were consuming the profits of the farm without making the expected return in eggs, says the Boston Herald. One day the ducks were at the kitchen door clamoring for more food, when an old farmer called.

To him Miss Sanborn told the story of her failure to coax the ducks to lay. The farmer laughed uproariously, and finally said:

"Them ducks of yours, Miss Sanborn, is all drakes."

Colds And Their Cure

Dr. Richard H. Brown gives the following rules for the prevention of coughs and colds:

Avoid spitteers.

Sleep with the windows open.

Make yourself an oak instead of an orchid.

Keep the air indoors as pure as the air outdoors.

Do not let the temperature of your room get above 70 degrees.

Do not wear too much clothing, but just enough to keep warm.

Take a cold sponge bath every morning, to harden the system against cold.

Avoid dust. Get rid of it, and keep it out of your houses. Do not sweep "dry."

After you get a cough—

Stay in bed, and you will save time in the end.

Put on a camphorated oil jacket or a flannel wrapping.

Don't neglect a single, simple cold; but get a good physician.

Free Lectures.

Caddie—Why do you call Speaks a liberal educator?

Waudle—He lectures without pay.

Caddie—Then my wife must be in that class, also. She has been doing the same thing ever since the day she led me to the altar.—Chicago News.

A well-known politician was explaining to his 10-year-old son the proceedings of the opening of parliament. The youngster appeared greatly interested in the chaplain and his opening prayer.

"Oh, he prays for the members, doesn't he?" asked the boy.

"No," said the father, grimly, "that's not quite the way. He just gets up and takes a look at the members and then he prays for the country."—London Tailor.

Bobby—Mamma, will you give me 5 cents if I'm good all day today?

Mamma—But don't you think it would be wiser to be good of your own accord?

Bobby—I guess not. The teacher said it was better to be good, even for a little, than to be good for nothing.

A little girl, saying her prayers, was asked by her mother why she had not asked God's forgiveness for some act of disobedience.

"Why, mamma, I didn't suppose you wanted it mentioned outside the family."

"That is rather a happy pair of trousers you have on for a man in your position."

"Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man. What if my trousers are shabby and worn, sir? They cover a warm heart!"—Rochester.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It cures Diarrhoea and Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Agricultural Axioms.

There's such a thing as planting too deep—especially when you're planting the seeds of dissension among your neighbors.

God may temper the wind to the short lamb at right, but that ain't a-going to put the feller what lost the fleece in any better temper.

The country looks mighty pretty in the spring to city folks, but it looks pretty tough sometimes to the man who is starting to put in a crop on credit on rented land with a colicky mule.

Some farmers get up so early in the morning that they burn out more oil than the extra time's worth.

It's all right to soak your seed sometimes, but it doesn't pay to soak your plow animal for supplies at the store.

—Florida Times-Union.

In Abeyance.

"I thought you were going to Florida for a couple of weeks?"

"I'm afraid not. I've been figuring on a railroad accident lately."

"You mean you figured 'in' a railroad accident?"

"No, 'on.' I've been figuring on that railroad stock of mine paying a dividend."—Philadelphia Press.

A school-teacher was giving a class a lesson in natural history.

"Now, then," he said, "can any of you give me the name of some member of the animal kingdom?"

Promptly came the answer, "A horse!"

"Right! Now the name of some member of the vegetable kingdom."

"A potato!"

"Now, a member of the mineral kingdom."

There was a pause, and then a small boy cried shrilly: "Please, sir, ginger beer!"

In a certain mountain town in Kentucky, says Harper's Weekly, the feeling began to grow that the "grocery store," where liquor was sold as commonly as vinegar and kerosene, must go, and when a customer came into the store to procure the precious liquid he was sometimes called on to make an excuse or apology. There was some interesting excuse offered, and one in particular is told of a mountaineer who went into a store, and, laying down his jug on the counter, said:

"Squire, I want a gallon of your best stuff; the baby is sick."

Dr. Parkhurst told the other day a story about a famous bishop.

"The bishop," he said, "likes a good cigar and was traveling to Albany in the smoking car."

"A laboring man took the seat beside him, eyed his clerical garb, got a light from him and said as he settled back for a comfortable smoke:

"Pardon, sir?"

"The bishop hesitated. Then he answered blandly:

"I was once."

"Ah," said the laboring man, "drink, I suppose."

Herkimer James, the artist, was describing a revue that he had seen in Paris.

"It was a very décollete revue," said Mr. James. "In certain parts of it I was forcibly reminded of the Parisian chorus girl. This girl had been put through her paces by a manager, and had finally been engaged."

"And now," she said, "about my costume. What costume shall I wear?"

"Let me see your tongue," said the manager. "Ah, it's coated. That will do."

There was a small Scotch boy who had the quality of astuteness highly developed. The boy's grandmother, says the Liverpool Post, was packing his lunch for him to take to school. Suddenly, looking up into the old lady's face, he said:

"Grandmother, do your specs magnify?"

"A little, my child," she answered.

"Sweet, then," said the boy, "I would just like 'if ye would' take them off when ye're packing my lunch."

During a lecture on the poor, Jacob R. Rits, author of "How the Other Half Lives," said: "The slums of New York, when I first came to know them as a police reporter, were disheartening indeed. To clean them seemed as hopeless as cleaning the Augean stables. It was like the case of a slum boy whom I heard about the other day. 'Jackie,' said this boy's mother, 'your face is fairly clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?'"

"Washin' 'em face," said the boy."

Mrs. Scraggington (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an item which says that full-grown rhinoceroses cost \$12,000 apiece.

Mr. Scraggington (meanly)—Eh, yah! And isn't it a pity that women can't wear them on their hats?—Smart Set.

Descon—By the way, that man Brown you married a year ago, has he paid you your fee yet?

Clergyman—No; the last time I reminded him of it he said 'I'd be fortunate if he didn't sue me for damages.'—Boston Transcript.

Unphilosophical Stranger—Officer, you get a discount on your purchases at the fruit stands, don't you?

Officer Grogan—Wan hundred per cent.—Chicago Tribune.

FALL RIVER LINE

FARES REDUCED.

\$2.00 to New York.

For First Class Limited Tickets. Reduced Rates to all Ports West and South.

Steamers Priscilla and Providence.

A FINE ORCHESTRA ON EACH.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days and Sundays at 9:15 p. m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 14, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays at 5:30 p. m., due at Newport at 2:45 p. m., leaving there at 3:45 a. m., for Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames Street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

On and after Oct. 7, 1906, trains will leave Newport, for Boston, SOUTH STAR Line Steamers, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. Return 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. FALL RIVER, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. PROVIDENCE, 6:50, 8:10, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:00 p. m. RETURN 6:50, 8:00, 9:00, 10

When Mildred Promised.

The young man and the older one left their work in the melon patch to pause a moment under the wild cherry tree in the fence corner.

"There's no use saying a word about it, Henry," said the elder. "If it was any other girl in Pleasant Valley I'd tell you to go ahead, but Shipton's daughter is a little too much for my blood."

He waited an instant; there was no reply, and he continued:

"Look at this field: it's as level as the back of your hand. There isn't a stone nor a weed in it. What was it ten years ago? Swamp, nothing but swamp, stumps and rocks. There isn't a better piece of land now in all outdoors, and we'll clear \$500 if we make \$1 out of the melons on it. We've got two hundred acres just like it."

"Now, just glance over that fence; that land belongs to Shipton. What is it? Nothing but blackberry bushes, because it hasn't been cared for. He owns ninety more and it's all in the same shape. A hundred acres of land, and he buys oats for his horse and doesn't keep a cow. No, sir! No son of mine ever marries a daughter of any man as shiftless as Shipton."

"Mildred isn't responsible for what—" began the son, but the father cut him short.

"It's bred in the bone; they're all alike. I will own that the mother was as likely a woman as I ever met, but she's gone where farms can't run to blackberry bushes and swamps."

"Maybe you don't know it, but I've got a \$500 mortgage on that hundred acres, it's been running ten years now and apt to run ten years more so far as I can figure. I've worked hard for every cent I ever had, and I don't locate my money in that place, the way things are going. Besides, last year's taxes aren't paid yet."

"It isn't the farm I'm after," said the young man slowly. "It's Mildred, but it might not be a bad business idea to marry her, and then take hold of that farm and bring it up to where it should be. You'd get your money back then, father."

"Yes, and let her throw out faster with a spoon than you pitch in with a shovel. You'll never try it with my consent."

"Nevertheless, I intend to marry her, if she'll have me, and I shall ask her tonight," the young man spoke quietly.

On the other side of the fence from among the blackberry bushes a girl appeared, facing them.

"Excuse me," she said in a sweet, low voice, "but I believe that I have been eavesdropping long enough."

The young man flushed crimson, but he walked over to the fence and leaned against it close beside her, while the father, looking straight into the gray eyes gazing into his, said bluntly:

"There's an old saying, Mildred Shipton, that listeners never hear any good of themselves. I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings, but perhaps it's just as well; you know now where I stand in this matter."

"I have known for some time," was her response.

"I don't want to offend you, Mildred; you're as good as the average; but I've worked and saved and worked for forty years, all for the sake of giving Henry a little easier life than I have had, and I don't want him to marry a girl who'll keep his nose to the grindstone as mine has been."

"I've been picking berries here," said Mildred, for nearly an hour, and I couldn't help hearing the conversation. I gather from it that you object to me because my father doesn't work his farm, and we owe you money on a mortgage. Is that it?"

"Your father is as shiftless as a Southern cracker. How am I to know that you are not another berry from the same twig?"

"I very probably am," she said calmly.

There was silence again, then she turned towards the young man beside her, and her voice held the cadences of a waltz music.

"Henry, I wish you would not come tonight to ask me what you told your father you would. Keep the question out of the mortgage is paid, and then I will answer you as you wish."

She did not wait for a response. Before either could grasp the meaning of her words she had disappeared among the bushes on the Shipton side of the fence.

July ripened into August, that gave way to the maturer beauty of September, and in all that time Henry Matthews had no opportunity to meet Mildred Shipton.

Twice he called at her home, both times she was out; three letters which he wrote received no acknowledgment beyond a note containing the figure, "Wait till the mortgage is paid."

The October leaves of the bushes in the blackberry field were red as the July berries had been when Mr. Matthews had called. She came up the gravelled walk leading to the front door in a neat gray suit and a hat which crowned her head as the blossoms deck the vine, and bearing herself quite proudly.

She was shown into the room where he sat reading, his son by the far side of the table busy with accounts. He was the first to receive her and he sprang to his feet with a little exclamation of pleased surprise.

"Mildred!"

But she did not heed him; her eyes were for his father.

"Mr. Matthews," she said, "I have come to pay that mortgage. Will you kindly figure up the amount due?"

It was his turn to be surprised. "The mortgage," he said "why, yes, of course. I—Henry, will you get it for me? It is in that little trunk in the safe."

Henry left the room on his mission.

"When the mortgage is paid, ask me that question and I will give you the answer that you wish," he repeated to himself.

His heart was singing it over and over. How the money had been obtained was nothing to him; she was his now, she had promised; he could not find the paper quickly enough and return where she was waiting.

In that other room, the older Matthews was saying: "I have not been hurrying you for the money; so long as the interest was kept up—"

"I know," she interrupted—shewas by far the cooler of the two—"but I wanted it out of the way. It has run too long now."

Henry returned, mortgage in hand. His father took it from him and began the computing necessary.

"It is dated Oct. 4," he said; "tomorrow is the fourth. It is for \$900 at six per cent. One year's interest is due; that makes just \$954."

"So I figured it," she replied, and laid out a roll of bills in his hand. "Please count and see if all is correct."

She resumed her seat, sitting with her eyes fixed on the older man. She seemed to avoid the younger one, who stood so close beside her that a little

outreaching would place her hand in his.

When the money was counted and she held the mortgage, she spoke again:

"For years," she said, "my father has been working on a certain invention. Everything has waited for it. Last winter he had it finished and it did all he could ask, but he had no money for patents, nothing to push it in any way. He isn't a farmer, doesn't know anything about it and had no time to spare to learn. I have been away at school and knew nothing of the sacrifices he was making to keep me there and carry forward his work. When I came home this spring, I learned."

She was silent a moment, but before they could speak she continued in a little firmer tone:

"Then I went to work. I borrowed money for the first patent papers from a school friend and the application was made. This summer I have picked berries and canned them; I have put up fruit of all kinds for friends in the city. That old blackberry patch which you so disdained has brought me in nearly half of the mortgage money. Then the patents were granted and the father of my school friend has purchased half of my father's patent. He paid \$6000 for it, and they both think it holds a large fortune for us all."

She rose and took a step toward the door, saying:

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr. Matthews," was she quoting his words of the berry field intentionally. "But please don't consider a man shiftless after this because he doesn't choose to make money in your way."

It took both of them so long to collect their thoughts that she had reached the door before Henry intercepted her. "Mildred," he said, "do you remember what you promised in that berry field last July?"

The eyes looking into his were clear and steady as the sunlight falling across the floor.

"That one hundred acre farm of mine," she answered, "is sorely in need of a good manager. Father would like very much to have one he could trust, and if your father thinks—"

"His father thinks there's no fool like an old fool," the elder Matthews interrupted. "Mildred, will you please assume the day when that new management can take charge of your farm and I can return this mortgage money to you as a wedding present?"—*Brooklyn Times.*

No Wonder the Baby Cried.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Jones reached the office and everybody looked at the clock.

"Car running out your way this morning?" asked the bookkeeper.

"Yes, cars running O. K., and there wasn't any coal wagon on the track, either. Simply overstepped. Up nearly all night with the kid—our youngest, you know."

"Baby sick?" inquired the other with a warm show of sympathy.

"Tell you all about it," smiled the tardy one, pulling on his overalls. "Kid of ours woke up last night screaming like a Comanche. Of course I thought he was hungry—first thing I always think of when he howls—so I hiked out of bed in the cold and fooled with the condensed milk. Ever do it? I fancy I hold the world's record on preparing midnight lunches for hungry infants. But, anyway, that didn't seem to hit the spot. He can't talk yet, but he just gave the bottle a shove, and let out some more whoops."

By this time my wife came out of a beautiful slumber, and began suggesting things. She said for one thing that I could quit fussing. I always feel cross when Pm routed out of a warm bed. And then my wife dispatched me to the kitchen after soothing syrup. We dozed that boy up right. We bathed his little feet in hot water, knicked hard on his chest and wrapped hot rags about his tummy—baby slung for stomach, you know. But all to no good; he was simply bound to yell."

"Finally we decided to 'phone the doctor."

"Well, sir," continued Jones, with a weary sigh, "it wasn't long before the doctor came, and maybe he didn't look good. He acted kind of grumpy. Guess he left a warm bed, too."

"Where's that boy?" he asked briefly, and I led him up to the noise factory. The doctor picked the bundle of humanity up and turned it all around, and then peeled off most of the clothes so he could examine the kid."

"I'll soon see what's the matter with you," says the doctor, addressing the baby.

"And sure enough he laid his hand right on the trouble. 'Here it is,' he said."

"And what was it, croup?" asked the bookkeeper, who was himself a tired papa.

"No," replied Jones, smiling. "A broken safety pin."—*Kansas City Star.*

Frankness Won Out.

Judge V. T. Hoggatt of Bullfrog, Nev., whose attitude is 6 feet 8 inches, and breadth about 3 feet, and frequently expanded to the limit by a quizzical smile that suggests his good nature, was stopping about the lobby of the Hotel St. Francis yesterday to avoid the ceiling.

"You know," said he, "how I got that homestead law for Alaska? A lot of us fellows went on to Washington. I said: 'See here, I know how we can get that bill through.'"

"How?" they asked.

"We can go down and buy that big moosehead in that saloon and take it up and make Mr. Roosevelt a present of it. That ought to fetch him."

"Why, that fellow wouldn't sell that moosehead for less than \$600."

"Well, isn't the law worth it?" I asked.

"We got the moosehead and took it up to the temporary White House. Had to get it through the folding doors. The fellows said: 'Some one will have to make a speech.' I said: 'Leave it to me; I'll do it in a dozen words.'"

"The President was about fagged out receiving a delegation of school teachers from New England. When we were shown in, I said: 'Mr. President, we're a band of Indians from Alaska, and we want to trade you this moosehead for a homestead law.'"

"He grinned, laughed out loud, and sent a fellow in to call his secretary, and then he said: 'Now, you just tell Mr. Roosevelt what you want and it'll go right into my message the way you write it.' And it did."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Some people are so agreeable that they are disagreeable.

CASTORIA.
The Kid You Have Always Bought

Dr. H. H. H. H.

Dr. H. H. H. H.

An Easter Carol.

They had known better days. And now that Easter was at hand they saw no prospect of rising from the depths of poverty into which they had been plunged by unfortunate investments. His fortune and that of his wife had gone in a fruitless attempt to save at least their home from the sharks who had exacted twenty-four per cent. for money loaned, besides exorbitant commissions in advance for the accommodation.

It was Saturday night, and the next week the mortgage on their little home was to be fore-closed on account of non-payment of interest. They were an old couple, who had had long years of happiness together, and there were once children around their table, with merry faces, but now all had fled to that land where there is neither sorrow nor care.

The last, their youngest one, had gone to San Francisco. They had not heard from him since the earthquake, and they mourned him as one of those who had been laid in a nameless grave. He had always helped them when the father was unwell for continuous work through a paralytic shock, but the welcome letters from him with his cheery words of encouragement were now only memories.

The old home which he had so loved, with all its family belongings, where even the toys of his boyhood were cherished in what had once been his workshop and playroom, was soon, with all its treasures, to go into stranger hands, and the mother, as she wiped the tears from her eyes which she had tried to check, in vain, said:

"But he, poor boy, will know nothing of the sacrifice, Arthur, nor of the selfishness of those who refused to aid us in our extremity."

"Fine, Mary," was the answer, "nor will he realize the humiliations that fall upon me as I pass through the streets in my shabby garments, and see the faces of former friends averted—men, too, whom I often helped in the hour of my prosperity."

As the man said this he turned toward the door, and the woman laid her hand upon his arm and said:

"Don't go out tonight, Arthur. The saloon will only give you momentary relief."

"Ah, but there are fine fellows there, men with hearts, and in there good fellowship they make me forget for a time that my next step may be to the poorhouse, for I see nothing out that for you and me, Mary."

It was true that poor cripple Arthur Joyce had lately found too much enjoyment in the convivial cup which many were willing to extend to him when they would deny him other things actually necessary for his well-being. They liked to hear his stories of the past, when he was a man of small fortunes.

This habit of drink was started by the physician saying that a man of his age required some stimulant, but at last he overstepped the doctor's prescription, and now he was going down the slippery path that led to the inebriate's bitter end.

"Stay here, Arthur," pleaded the white-haired wife, but he heeded her not. The cursed desire to over-indulge for oblivion's sake was upon him, and with the muttered promise, "I will soon be back, Mary," he went out into the night, leaving her in the dark behind him.

And the poor woman, alone within the walls that she so loved with all their haunting recollections, what did she do?

She sat at the old-fashioned piano given her by her father on her happy marriage, and recalled all the songs that she had loved in her girlhood, the hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee" and the others, which she had sung in the choir of the village church. She had a fine voice in those far-off times. It still retained much of its early sweetness, and as it rose in the night seemed like an echo from some higher heights than earth, and

"Then art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see," rang out upon the air with the spirit of faith strong in every note, suggesting fearlessness of all worldly privations and discouragement. This was the trust in heaven which all good women possess and men too often look upon with contempt.

Then a group of young men passed under the window singing "Fair Weather," and her fingers involuntarily wandered over the keys, and presently she was singing

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms—"

Suddenly another voice joined in with

"That I gaze on so fondly today," and so on to the lines

"Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will."

And after that, oh, power of enduring love, two hands were joined together as they had been in youth, and strength was given them to face the future with unflinching trust, and out of the stillness of peace came the words:

"I heard you singing as I stood undecided in the street, and I came back unobserved and sat beside you, as you poured forth your belief in the guiding hand of the Power above us who doth all things well. With His assistance we may go on together through the trials that beset us to the haven of eternal rest, and, please God, I'll forget the fickleness and weakness of men in your all enduring confidence that all is for the best."

"Always I have prayed that you might accept with resignation the heavy burden you have borne," came in reply, "for there is compensation in the end for all, and it comes not through transient pleasures, but through the eternal joy of man redeemed."

"And resisting all temptation, I will go with thee to the end, with trust and hopefulness," was the heartfelt response.

The red streaks were in the sky before they realized that they had talked until dawn, and that the sun had risen gloriously, if it had not dawned before the legendary fashion on Easter Sunday morning. They had felt no need of sleep. Their faithful maid, one of the old New England kind who was half friend and half servant, set about preparing the morning meal and did not disturb them in their apparent happiness, though ordinarily she was sharp enough in her criticism of unbusiness. A rumble of wheels and a ring of a bell disturbed her placidity, and she went to the door somewhat reluctantly to suddenly exclaim:

"The Lord be praised. It's Master Tom come in like again."

"Not quite, Jane," was the loud answer. "I've not been dead, though I lingered in the hospital with only partial consciousness for some time. But didn't the old folks get my letter?"

"Not a line, not a line, Master Tom."

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"Ah, but there are fine fellows there, men with hearts, and in there good fellowship they make me forget for a time that my next step may be to the poorhouse, for I see nothing out that for you and me, Mary."

It was true that poor cripple Arthur Joyce had lately found too much enjoyment in the convivial cup which many were willing to extend to him when they would deny him other things actually necessary for his well-being. They liked to hear his stories of the past, when he was a man of small fortunes.

This habit of drink was started by the physician saying that a man of his age required some stimulant, but at last he overstepped the doctor's prescription, and now he was going down the slippery path that led to the inebriate's bitter end.

"Stay here, Arthur," pleaded the white-haired wife, but he heeded her not. The cursed desire to over-indulge for oblivion's sake was upon him, and with the muttered promise, "I will soon be back, Mary," he went out into the night, leaving her in the dark behind him.

And the poor woman, alone within the walls that she so loved with all their haunting recollections, what did she do?

She sat at the old-fashioned piano given her by her father on her happy marriage, and recalled all the songs that she had loved in her girlhood, the hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee" and the others, which she had sung in the choir of the village church. She had a fine voice in those far-off times. It still retained much of its early sweetness, and as it rose in the night seemed like an echo from some higher heights than earth, and

"Then art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see," rang out upon the air with the spirit of faith strong in every note, suggesting fearlessness of all worldly privations and discouragement. This was the trust in heaven which all good women possess and men too often look upon with contempt.

Then a group of young men passed under the window singing "Fair Weather," and her fingers involuntarily wandered over the keys, and presently she was singing

have they received since the earthquake."

"What! Then Uncle Sam has much to answer for. And here is mother, bless her dear old soul, looking younger than ever, and dad, a little weather beaten, but good for many a year yet to come, with me at the helm with plenty of cash from investments beyond the Golden Gate, and Jane in the cook's gallery."

The old couple could do nothing scarcely but admire the stalwart young man who had, as it were, arisen from the tomb, and they exclaimed continually, "Bless his heart, the dear boy!"

Each took him by an arm and led him into breakfast, over which they lingered until, indeed, from the neighboring church rang out the glorious Easter anthem

"Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

—John W. Ryan.

Water as a Medicine.

Few people realize that water is one of the greatest medicines, says Dr. W. J. Cronin. In the first place, it is invaluable for drinking purposes.

Water forms about seventy of every hundred parts of the body. It must therefore be supplied, in the form of drink, to make up for the waste of the parts. Digestion, absorption, circulation, nutrition, and excretion would cease without it.

The pang of thirst are much more future than the pang of hunger. We read of persons fasting for ten, twenty, and even forty days, but they partake of fluids during this time. Water used for drinking always contains a small portion of mineral salts, of gases, and of vegetable matter.

Water which is absolutely pure—is only distilled water—is flat and tasteless. Water in wells, reservoirs and that which runs through lead pipes should be examined occasionally. The fact that water is clear and sparkling and odorless does not prove it pure. Wells should never be nearer than one hundred feet to barnyards and other receptacles for filth.

Again, water may be used as a medicine, when heated, for indigestion and dyspepsia. It must be hot, not cold or lukewarm, for when it is lukewarm it tends to nauseate. It should be heated to about 140° or 150° F., then sipped slowly. The quantity should be about three-fourths of a pint three times a day, about an hour before each meal.

Hot water causes successive contraction and relaxing of the alimentary canal; it always thirst more readily than cold water, and it washes out the liver and kidneys thoroughly, if its use be continued for any length of time. One will be all the better for taking hot water at least once a day.

Every person should be washed all over at least every day of their life. Every square inch of skin on the whole body needs it, and it can be done if necessary in a quart of water. Dip a towel in water, open the full length, and snip up and down the back. Then wash chest, flushing with legs and feet. Take a dry, coarse towel and rub the body till it becomes quite warm. One of uncleanly habits, who neglects daily bathing and whose clothes are not clean, will have clogged-up pores, which prevents the throwing off of waste matter, and eventually causes disease.

The wet bandage is a very good application in water cure. An ordinary towel rung out of cold water, folded two or more thicknesses, and worn on the part affected, is a very good remedy for rheumatic joints, torpid liver, weak stomach, bronchial and pulmonary affections and sore throat. The bandage should be worn around the abdomen for stomach and liver complaints, and around the chest and throat for pulmonary and bronchial affections.

Hot water, when applied as a poultice, is a most healing application for cuts, bruises, sprains, wounds, sores and inflammations. The poultice is made by dipping a cloth in hot water and applying, changing often.

For weak or sore eyes, water is very healing. Bathe the eyes in water as hot as can be borne, then in water as cold as can be had. This is also an excellent tonic for the skin, and will serve the face and hands as a cosmetic and remove wrinkles.

An effective and inexpensive way to break up a cold is to discontinue eating for a couple of meals, then, upon retiring drink all the water possible. The reason eating should be discontinued is that in many cases it is overeating that causes colds. A cold is usually the efforts of Nature trying to eliminate or throw off impurities that have accumulated in the system. In most all diseases which are dependent upon or complicated with dyspepsia or indigestion the whole digestive system needs rest. An enforced rest of the digestive apparatus by doing without food for a few meals will aid the system in burning up these impurities.

A bandkerchief saturated with cold water tied about the neck overnight will be quite effective in relieving sore throat. The same dry material over the handkerchief and thus prevent catching cold.

A liberal supply of fresh water tends to make one fleshy, is excellent for kidneys, and cures most forms of constipation by making the liver active. It must be remembered that too much water at meal time, just before or soon after, dilutes the gastric juice, and, if persisted in, will eventually cause stomach disorder. It is better to wait a couple of hours after meals before drinking much water.

His Gentle Hint.

The train was crowded. In one compartment a dignified, middle-aged gentleman was trying to read. Among the passengers was a lady with a very sprightly little girl, who had blue eyes, a head of gleaming gold and an inquisitorial tongue. She asked the dignified gentleman innumerable questions and played with his watch chain.

The mother fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and turning to the lady said:

"Madam, what do you call this sweet child?"

The mother smiled, and replied:

"Ethel."

"Please call her, then."

"When Maxim Gorky dined with me," said a literary New Yorker, "he talked about the Russian censorship."

"He said that in the course of the Russo-Japanese war he had occasion to write an article to describe the headquarters of one of the grand dukes. He wrote of those headquarters, among other things:

"And over the desk in his highest tent is a large photograph of Maria in Janine, the beautiful ballet dancer."

"Before this article could appear the censor changed that sentence to:

"And over the desk in his highest tent is a large map of the theater of war."—*New York Tribune.*

Women's Dep't.

What Woman Are Doing.

New Hampshire has a woman tax collector in the person of Miss Martha E. Johnson, of Iacona. Her first annual report, just submitted, is said to be so satisfactory that she will shortly be re-appointed.

Waste paper baskets, each bearing a placard, "Help Keep The City Clean," have been placed on the streets in Hornell, N. Y., by the City Improvement Committee of the Equal Suffrage League.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be in plain stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to: Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1907.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST
HIS
DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH
NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.
145. Philip Edwards, bapt. June 17, 1739, and thus being a second son Philip born into his parents, and not one and the same, as given in MERCURY, issue of April 22, 1905; and, April 4, 1704, Margaret (West, daughter of Bartholomew West, son of William, Bartholomew, Matthew West); the mother of Margaret was Ruth, as mentioned in will of her husband Bartholomew (4) West, made April 1, 1766; proved July 4, 1770, in which he mentions children Joseph West, Daniel West, Sarah wife of John Wardell, Margaret wife of Philip Edwards, and son-in-law John Dennis (whose wife was Abigail West). Job West (uncle to Margaret (West) Edwards) made his will Sept. 27, 1741, proved April 6, 1742; mentions children William, George, Joseph, Margaret, Elizabeth and wife Sarah (Bralley).

By will of his father, Philip Edwards was to have "remaining lands after death of his mother, or she to no longer my widow, and if son Philip have no children of his own, or die at 21 years, then his sister Margaret has his lands bequeath to him."

His mother received by will of her husband one negro man Ando, and all the residue of the estate of her husband. Philip Edwards had no issue by his second wife Elizabeth (Mitchell) Eaton.

Philip Edwards made his will February 20, 1739; proved Aug. 4, 1740; as follows: I Philip Edwards of Shrewsbury, yeoman, to son Wesley Edwards all my land lying westward of long Branch Path and the East half of my said meadow on Goose Neck to him and his heirs, and the sum of 5 shillings in money; I give use of all the rest of my lands and meadows during the time she remains my widow, and after expiration thereof I give the said land to son Philip Edwards, unto him and his heirs; To daughter Elizabeth Polwell, one negro boy called Junny and the sum of 5 shillings; To daughter Mary Edwards one negro boy called Abel and 10 sheep and 2 cattle; To daughter Margaret Edwards 50 pounds in money to be paid her when 16 yrs. old.

If youngest son Philip Edwards should die before 21 years and not have children of his own, then I give and bequeath the above land and meadow given to him to his said sister Margaret; To loving wife Elizabeth one negro man called Ando and all the rest of my personal estate not heretofore bequeathed, and I make her my whole executrix, and I desire my friend John Eaton to assist her with his best advice wherever she desires it. Witnesses: Patrick Devlin, John Mlin, William Craddock Jacob Dennis, Margaret Tole, Sarah Tole. (After C. p. 351).

QUERIES.

6352. WHEELER—Ruth Wheeler, born in Rehoboth, Mass., Sept. 19, 1739, was the daughter of Major Philip Wheeler, born March 4, 1643. His wife's name was Martha. Wanted her ancestry.—A. C. M.

6353. MOULTON—BULLOCK—Ebenzer Bullock, son of Samuel Bullock of Rehoboth, married, March, 1698, Sarah Moulton. Wanted, her ancestry.—A. C. M.

6354. BOSWORTH, TOOGOOD—John Bosworth of Rehoboth, born April 6, 1671, married June 10, 1702, Elizabeth Toogood. She lived in Rehoboth, Mass. She was the daughter of Nathaniel Toogood and Elizabeth. Can anyone inform me who her ancestors were?—A. C. M.

6355. IDE, BISS—Was Nicholas Ide the husband of Mrs. Ide, who married Thomas Biss?—A. C. M.

6356. MARTIN—HORTON—Was Robert Martin the grandfather of Mary Martin, who married Hezekiah Horton?—A. C. M.

6357. SAHIN—MILLER—Was William Sahin grandfather of Elizabeth Eakin, who married Robert Miller?—A. C. M.

6358. 1. MARTIN—HORTON—Captain Stephen Bullock of Rehoboth, Mass., born Oct. 21, 1735, died Feb. 2, 1816. Oct. 30, 1760, he married Mary Horton, born, 1738. She was the daughter of Hezekiah and Mary (Martin) Horton. Can any one tell me the ancestors of Hezekiah Horton, also Mary (Martin) Horton's ancestors?

2. LUTHER—Will any reader who can inform me concerning the ancestors of the following descendants of Captain John Luther kindly do so? Captain John Luther, a sea captain sailing from Boston, was killed in Delaware Bay by Indians. What was his wife's name and ancestors?

Hezekiah (2), Captain John (1), born, 1640, married Feb. 23, 1682, in Dorchester, Elizabeth. What was her name and ancestry? Deacon Nathaniel (2), Captain John 1, Hezekiah 2, born in 1684, died April 22, 1719, married, June 28, 1693, Ruth Cole. They lived in Rehoboth and Swansea, Mass. Dates of births, deaths and ancestors wanted.

3. BOUNDS—Moses (4) Luther (Captain John 1, Hezekiah 2, Deacon Nathaniel 3), born, June 20, 1664, died

Nov. 23, 1763, lived in Swansea, Mass., and married Ann Houdas. She died, Nov. 10, 1763. When was she born and who were her ancestors, and when married?

4. GALLUP—Nathaniel (5) Luther (Captain John 1, Hezekiah 2, Deacon Nathaniel 3, Moses 4), born May 18, 1738, lived in Swansea, married Sarah Gallup, June 12, 1756. Wanted, dates of birth and death, and her ancestors.

5. HUTT—Samuel (6) Luther (Captain John 1, Hezekiah 2, Deacon Nathaniel 3, Moses 4, Nathaniel 5), born Nov. 27, 1760, lived in Swansea, Mass., and married, Oct. 3, 1784, Patience Hill. She was born Jan. 22, 1767, the daughter of Caleb Hill, and Mary. Who were the ancestors of Caleb Hill, also Mary his wife?

6. PECK—Thomas P. (7) (Captain John 1, Hezekiah 2, Deacon Nathaniel 3, Moses 4, Nathaniel 5, Samuel 6), b. Jan. 1, 1805, married second, in Swansea, Adeline Peck and lived in Providence, R. I., and Swansea, Mass. Adeline (Peck) Luther was the dau. of Robert Peck of Swansea, born Jan. 10, 1782, died Feb. 1, 1832.

7. MILLARD—Robert Peck's wife was Polly Millard, born 1758, died Aug. 14, 1839, they lived in Swansea, Mass. Polly Millard was the daughter of Aaron Millard and Ruth Ingalls. Can anyone give me the ancestry of Aaron Millard, when he was born, married and died?

8. INGALLS—MONTGOMERY—Ruth Ingalls was the daughter of Samuel Ingalls and Ruth (Montgomery) Ingalls, probably of Rehoboth. Samuel Ingalls, father of Ruth, was son of Edmund Ingalls and Eunice. Can anyone give me line of ancestors of Edmund Ingalls, Eunice his wife and Ruth Montgomery?

9. LINDLEY—PECK—Ambrose Peck, father of Robert Peck, who married Polly Millard, referred to above, married Polly Lindley. Can anyone give me her ancestors?—A. C. M.

ANSWERS.

6331. INGRAHAM—To M. N. I cannot give place and death of Wm. Ingraham, but his wife Mary (Bartow) Ingraham died Nov. 16, 1705, aged 70 years, and was buried at Aquetqueque Cemetery, Stonington, Conn.—J. C. L.

6332. CHESBORO—To M. N. Samuel Chesboro son of Samuel 2 and Abigail (—) Chesboro, b. Nov. 30, 1660, m. Dec. 3, 1687, Mary, dau. of Wm and Mary (Bartow) Ingraham. She was b. June 26, 1660, d. Jan. 3, 1742.—J. C. L.

Middletown.

Funeral services for the late Mr. William P. Manchester of State Hill were conducted by Rev. Allen Jacobs Sunday noon at St. Mary's church which was filled with a large gathering who had come to pay their last respects to one who was well known in the church and in his town. The music included the hymn, "Peace, Perfect Peace," sung as a duet by Mrs. Gertrude Wilbur and Mrs. Anna Conley, and "Nearer, my God, to Thee" which was sung by the choir of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Chapel. The bearers were Mr. Henry I. Chase, Mr. S. Herbert Albro, and two nephews of the deceased, Messrs. Alton and Stephen Coggeshall. The burial was in the family lot in St. Mary's churchyard, the rector, Rev. Allen Jacobs, offering prayers at the grave.

Mr. Manchester leaves a widow, Mrs. Phoebe Weaver Manchester, and is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Manchester, and by 2 brothers, Messrs. Reston and Lewis Manchester, and by one sister Mrs. Lydia McCartney of New Jersey. Mr. Manchester had been actively associated with the church work of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Chapel and during his early married life was for a long period of years the organist at St. Mary's church.

The regular meeting of the Newport County Pomona Grange, No. 4, Patron of Husbandry, was held on Tuesday at the town hall, the Pomona Grange being the guest of Aquidneck Grange, Middletown. The business session opened at 11:30 A. M. with the Worthy Master Warren K. Sherman of Portsmouth, presiding. The local granges were represented by 16 delegates who gave good reports of the work done in their several granges, also stated that they were holding regular meetings.

The grange adjourned at 1 p. m. and luncheon was served in the Council room. The afternoon session was an open meeting and began at 2 o'clock. The programme was presented by the lecturer, Mrs. E. A. Peckham, included instrumental and vocal solos by Miss Alice Loverene Albro, piano duets by Miss Albro and Miss Sallie E. Peckham, roll call with responses by each member, the reading of four prize essays on the subject "The Pleasures of Life. Of what should they consist—and are they to be considered a luxury or a necessity?" The papers were signed by fictitious names and were distributed to be read so that no one knew the real writers not even the judge who decided the prizes. Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton. The 1st gentleman's prize was awarded Mr. Warren K. Sherman of Portsmouth, and the 1st ladies' prize to Mrs. Jason W. Gifford of Tiverton.

A short debate, which had been postponed from a previous meeting, was given by Mr. Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown over the Pomona Grange and Mrs. Jason W. Gifford, the secretary. The topic was "Which is of the most importance a man's work or a woman's?" Mrs. Gifford presented as a first argument a very able paper, quoting the work accomplished by the noted women of the world, and Mr. Peckham could but agree that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" and that there are comparatively few fields, in these days, that have not been entered by women. Professor Gilbert Tolman of Kingston College was then introduced and gave an interesting talk upon "Weather Forecasting."

"Your Honor," said the tired juror, interrupting a trial for murder, "I would like to ask one favor." "Proceed." "Please permit me to change places with the prisoner at the bar." But the court was not to be moved. Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. McGuzzter—How much did that ostrich feather cost you?

His Wife—A half as much as you spend for cocktails in one week.—Chicago Tribune.

How Do We Figure It Out?

We were asked yesterday, how we could afford to sell merchandise for so much less than it is worth, as was advertised Saturday. In answer we pointed to an advertisement cut from a Boston paper in which were cut showing dining chairs and quilting them at nearly 25 per cent more than the identical chairs were priced in plain figures on our floor; when we say an article is worth a certain price, the price is exactly what we know other dealers are asking for exactly the same article. For instance—

THIS IRON BED

Of heavy castings, with seven fillers and extra large chills, extension foot, and brass vices and spindle at head and foot, it being sold in two Providence stores and one Boston store that we know of for \$7.00; our regular price is \$5.50, but the 10 per cent discount we offer during opening week makes it cost you

....\$4.95....

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.



To owners of Real Estate in Middle-town and Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for property in this section. If you wish to dispose of yours kindly let us know.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,
NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.

To Safeguard Steamers.

Newporters are much interested in remarks made by Captain J. W. Miller and others at a meeting of the maritime interests in New York this week in regard to the steamers plying Narragansett Bay to New York. The statement that many of the vessels are unsafe is a matter of vital concern to people of this vicinity, although there are few that go from here by any other vessels than those of the Fall River Line which are the equal of any in the United States. The purpose of the meeting in New York was to consider ways and means to secure better inspection and laws governing the vessels plying the waters of New York and Long Island sound. Captain Miller declared that the government inspection of the coastwise service and on Long Island Sound in particular is entirely inadequate for the large volume of service.

"There is no section of the coast that is so dangerous as between East river and Narragansett Pier," said Captain Miller. "The government allows vessels to run which are not fit for a trip. Each steamer should have at least five water tight compartments. I think that sooner or later the government will adopt this as a law."

Lieuten. C. Cummings of Brookline, Mass., president of the national movement for government inspection of crews, and delegate for the board of trade of Portland, Maine, and the chamber of commerce of Wilmington, N. C., spoke on the subject of the conference. He finished by introducing resolutions calling for legislation on these points:

An adequate number of inspectors. A sufficient number of bulkheads for seagoing passenger vessels.

A thorough inspection of the crew and the proper licensing of the captain and mate of every sailing vessel and possibly some of the crew.

The speaker also called attention to the need of laws governing the training of the crews in the use of life boats. Rear Admiral Coghlan introduced and a committee affirmed a resolution requesting the secretary of war to order an examination of the harbor of refuge at Point Judith with a view to building a landing place in the shelter of the breakwater where a large power, self righting and self bailing lifeboat can be kept. The resolution declared that the loss of the Larchmont emphasized the need of having such a lifeboat station at Point Judith. This resolution will come before the conference for adoption to-morrow.

Kunker—What are you sighting for? Becker—Thinking how the new stags on the street while five plates of ice cream melt before Stella.—New York Sun.

Pluto was fondling his three headed dog.

"It has its drawbacks, though," he admitted; "on lodge nights there are six of him."

Other good fellows extended their sympathy.—New York Sun.

Jamesstown.

Rev. and Mrs. C. D. Burrows entertained a number of their friends Tuesday evening.

Miss A. W. Cottrell has returned from an extended visit to New York and Connecticut.

GARDEN MAKING

Suggestions for the Utilizing of the Home Grounds, by L. H. Bailey.

The Practical Garden Book

Containing the simplest directions for the growing of the commonest things about the house and garden, by O. E. Hahn & L. H. Bailey.

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, April 15, 1907.
Estate of Patrick Smith.

REQUEST IN WRITING is made by John Smith of Edgewood, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a cousin of Patrick Smith, late of Newport, deceased testate, that Patrick R. Condon of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the Sixth day of May next at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Valuable Old Coins.

If there is any one who possesses a collection of coins of the country's colonial period, that person is fortunate. If at any time a pluck should come, making it necessary for the owner of such a collection to dispose of it in order to procure the necessities of life, a sum of money could be obtained from the collection that would make the seller independent for the world for a lifetime.

It is doubtful, however, if there is a complete collection of the coinage of this country of the days before the Revolution anywhere within the borders of the land, though in many museums, public as well as private, there is a goodly representation.

The coins of Maryland and Virginia in the time of their colonial existence were quality and peculiar in their way. They include shillings, six-penny pieces, pennies and half-penny pieces. Among those that abounded in Maryland was the Lord Baltimore groat, called after the old English groat, which was worth about fourpence in the old country.

These coins as well as those of Virginia at that time were coined in England for the colonies. One that circulated extensively in Virginia was the "Glocester token," and there were multitudes of halfpennies in those days, all with more or less peculiar stamps upon them.

Among the coins of the period before the declaration of independence New York spread broadest her shilling pieces stamped with a pine tree, and they were as good as gold in the markets. Massachusetts also had her pine tree shilling, and they were good everywhere, as they came from Hull's minting house in Pembroke square.

Many of the smaller coins of those days immortalized the American eagle, and the noble North American aborigine had its lining also. Olive branches and stars and mottoes of various kinds appeared on the obverse and reverse sides of these old coins, from shillings down to halfpennies.

The old coppers of those days, particularly those minted in New England, and the three-penny coins as well, are of inestimable value today, but few of them that do exist are as carefully guarded, whereas they are, as the crown diamonds of any empire under the sun.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., April 18, 1907.
Estate of Bernebe D. Ball.

LILLIE ROSS, one of the heirs-at-law of said Bernebe D. Ball, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, having this day filed her petition, praying that said estate may be granted to her, said Lillie Ross, of said town, or some other suitable person, notice is hereby given to all persons interested that said petition will be considered at the Court of Probate of New Shoreham, at the Town Hall in said town, on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1907, at two o'clock p. m., at which time and place they may appear if they see fit, and be heard in relation to the same.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Probate Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 13, 1907.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM N. LITTLEFIELD, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

ISABELLA LITTLEFIELD, Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., April 13, 1907.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of JOHN E. LITTLEFIELD, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he has been appointed Administrator of said estate according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ISABELLA LITTLEFIELD, Executrix.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., April 18, 1907.

Estate of John Roberts.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator of the estate of John Roberts, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his said final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate, and the same is received, and referred to the 6th day of May, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., March 15, A. D. 1907.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Guardian of the person and estate of

HAZEL BRENTON WARD,

minor, presents to this Court her petition, in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of and entitled to one-eighth part and interest in two tracts of land situated in said Middletown and bounded thus:

The first tract is located on Prospect avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about ten acres and is bounded North, by Prospect avenue and land of the late George E. Ward; East, by land of said Peabody; South, by land of the heirs of John Peckham, and East, by land of Arnold B. Smith, or however bounded.

The second tract is located on Paradise avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about four acres and is bounded on the South by land of Frederick Barker, and on the East by land of said Barker; North, by land of Edward J. Peckham, and West, by Paradise avenue, or however otherwise bounded, and praying that she may be authorized and empowered to sell the interest of her said ward in said described two parcels of real estate at private sale, for not less than Four Hundred Dollars, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of April next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., March 15, A. D. 1907.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Guardian of the person and estate of

ROSENA FOWLER WARD,

minor, presents to this Court her petition, in writing, representing that said minor is seized and possessed of and entitled to one-eighth part and interest in two tracts of land situated in said Middletown and bounded thus:

The first tract is located on Prospect avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about ten acres and is bounded North, by Prospect avenue and land of the late George E. Ward; East, by land of said Peabody; South, by land of the heirs of John Peckham, and East, by land of Arnold B. Smith, or however bounded.

The second tract is located on Paradise avenue, has buildings and improvements thereon, contains about four acres and is bounded on the South by land of Frederick Barker, and on the East by land of said Barker; North, by land of Edward J. Peckham, and West, by Paradise avenue, or however otherwise bounded, and praying that she may be authorized and empowered to sell the interest of her said ward in said described two parcels of real estate at private sale, for not less than Four Hundred Dollars, and for the purpose of making a better and more advantageous investment of the proceeds of such sale.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twelfth day of May next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., April 15, A. D. 1907.

ALBERT A. ANTHONY, the Administrator

of the estate of William H. Anthony, late

said Middletown, deceased, presents to

this Court his final account with the

with, and thereon prays that the same may be examined allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twelfth day of May next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Office of the Probate Clerk of New Shoreham.

Block Island, R. I., April 16, 1907.

Estate of Francis Willis.

ALTON H. MOTT, Administrator de bonis non with will annexed of the estate of Francis Willis, of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate, and requests the clerk to give notice thereof according to law.

Notice is hereby given that said account will be considered by the Probate Court on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1907, at two o'clock, p. m., at the Probate Court room, in said New Shoreham, notice thereof is published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLACK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN, Real Estate Agent.

No. 1563
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business, March 23, 1907.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts \$11,123.11
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 2,065.38
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 100,000.00
United States U. S. Bonds 2,772.79
Bonds, securities, etc. 15,750.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures 17,000.00
Due from approved reserve agents 12,922.48
Checks and other cash items 1,249.41
Exchanges for clearing house 1,750.00
Notes of other National Banks 1,750.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents 192.02

LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:

Specie 27,650.28
Legal-tender notes 31,242.25
Federal reserve notes 6,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund 1,000.00

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in \$68,000.00
Surplus 100,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid 65,000.00
National Bank notes outstanding due to other National Banks 1,250.00
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks 0.71
Dividends unpaid 81.95
Individual deposits subject to check 306,119.37
Demand certificates of deposit 16,152.32
Certified checks 253.47
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed 50,000.00

Total \$687,004.52

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss. I, George H. Proulx, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROULX, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of March, 1907.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, David Brannan, F. D. Coggeshall, Directors.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

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